TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne have come and gone, and Toronto will know them no more. The usual modicum of compliment—not inaptly designated as taffy—was administered to them during their visit, and, so far as his Excellency was concerned, he certainly reciprocated in kind. But such things seem to be inseparable from Vice-Regal visits, and must be accepted, like a good many other conventionalities of our civilization. The earth would not continue to revolve smoothly on its axis but for a certain amount of complaisance, not to say insincerity, on the part of those in authority. Such complaisance is an essential feature of good breeding, and without it society would be in a state of perpetual friction. If every man were to blurt out precisely what he thinks about his neighbors, without reservation, there would be very little friendly intercourse in the world. Sincerity, in the abstract, is a good thing, but there are times and occasions when absolute sincerity would be unendurable, and when a decent reserve becomes an imperative duty.

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In the case of Lord and Lady Lansdowne there were excellent reasons for making their farewell visit an agreeable event to all parties concerned. During the period of his Excellency's sojourn in the Dominion he has filled an exalted station with due credit to himself, which is equivalent to saying that he has shown a proper consideration for the sentiments of the Canadian people. He has aroused no personal animosities, and has identified himself with no political party. He has shown no disposition to magnify his office, or to arrogate to himself any exclusive privileges. True, his position has not at any time called for the exercise of any profound statesmanship. No great crisis of any sort has arisen during his term of office, nor has he been required to display any superlative amount of diplomatic foresight or sagacity. There has been no Pacific Scandal for him to deal with; no Letellier case for him to adjudicate upon. But the office of Governor-General is one which, even under the most favorable circumstances, demands the exercise of much tact and judgment. It demands a cool head and an unbiassed mind. These qualifications Lord Lansdowne has proved himself to possess, and he has in all respects been equal to the moderate duties incidental to his position.

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On his side, then, all is satisfactory, and he has nothing wherewith to reproach himself. He may easily be excused, indeed, if he indulges in a considerable degree of self-congratulation. It is a good deal for one who demits a high office to be able to say: "I have done my duty." This flattering unction Lord Lansdowne may lay to his soul with a clear conscience. On the other hand he has received from us at least a fair recompense for his services, so that there is no overwhelming obligation on either side. As Canadians, we can part with him on good terms, and heartily wish him God-speed in the new and enlarged sphere of usefulness which opens before him.

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Lady Lansdowne has also won golden opinions in her own particular sphere, during her sojourn among us. As the first lady in the land, she has proved a veritable helpmeet to her lord, and has presided over the social world with a grace and tact which have won universal recognition and appreciation. Apart from her purely formal duties as the mistress of Rideau Hall, she has interested herself in various schemes of charity and philanthropy, and has left an admirable example of true benevolence for other ladies in exalted positions to follow. She has gained many warm personal friends in Canada who will view her final departure from our shores in the light of a personal deprivation.

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Everything seems to indicate that we are on the eve of a hot mining fever in Canada, which bids fair to become epidemic. We are being subjected to a miniature invasion of American speculators, who are buying up large tracts of land in the gold districts, and are preparing for operations on a large scale. Some of these tracts are purchased by Canadians with American capitalists at their backs, but a goodly number of our countrymen who have money to spare are also engaging in the pursuit on their own account. Judging from present indications, it would seem that the tide of speculation is only beginning, and that before another year has passed over our heads, Denison and the neighboring townships will all have been taken up. The coming display of minerals at Cincinnati will doubtless give a considerable impetus to the movement. It is as yet too early to pronounce any very definite opinion as to the value of our auriferous deposits. The prospects *look* decidedly favorable, but it needs no veteran forty-niner like our Provincial Commissioner of Crown Lands to tell us that there is no occupation under the sun so precarious and deceptive as the hunt for gold. The motto *Festina lente* is a good one to adopt in many of the varied contingencies of life, and at no time is it more in order than when persons of ordinarily cool temperaments show a tendency to lose their heads. It is currently reported that some of our smaller Toronto capitalists are venturing their all in this direction. If SATURDAY NIGHT's counsel were asked by such enthusiasts, it would take something like this form: Don't place all your eggs in one basket; and above all things, don't burn your ships.

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It really begins to look as if Senator Alexander would have to be rigidly suppressed. His energy, considered by itself, is highly creditable to a gentleman of his years; but there is such a thing as misdirected energy, and on a good many occasions during the present session the venerable senator from Woodstock has been energetic in the wrong place. He has taken up a great deal of precious time in venting his personal grievances upon the Speaker of the Senate and other gentlemen who have been so unfortunate as to incur his sovereign displeasure. This time is paid for out of the public purse. It has already cost the country a good deal of money, and bids fair to cost a good deal more. The general public have nothing whatever to do with Senator Alexander's personal grievances, and should not be asked to take any part in his quarrels. Public business must not be impeded by the garrulous complainings of an angry man. The worthy Senator has frequently been remonstrated with on his conduct, but apparently with no other effect than to add fuel to the fire of his wrath. He has become a drag upon the wheel of progress, and that, too, in a body which is at no time remarkably progressive. Should he continue in his fatuous career much longer it will become the duty of the Senate to apply the only effectual remedy open to them. It is to be hoped that the delinquent will not render the adoption of that remedy an imperative necessity. Pray, Mr. Alexander, take warning while there is yet time.

The German Emperor still lingers on a bed of pain and wakefulness, but if any reliance is to be placed upon the predictions of his medical attendants, the end is very near. Bearing in mind the comparatively recent case of General Grant, the sceptical layman hesitates to trust implicitly to the bulletins of even the most learned of the faculty. In the terrible malady with which Kaiser Frederick William is afflicted, however, there are unfavorable factors which did not exist in General Grant's case, and it seems improbable that the moribund Emperor will live to see the dawn of summer. His death, in fact, may be looked for at any moment. SATURDAY NIGHT does not profess to be in the confidence of the diplomats of Eastern Europe, but it looks as if the Kaiser's death would be the precursor to momentous events—events which may change the geographical features of nearly the entire continent, and render all existing maps of Europe offete. The newspaper correspondent to whom Prince Bismarck could be induced to unburden himself at the present moment would be on the high-road to fortune.

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The early closing movement in Toronto has a strong grip, but it is not invulnerable. The action of the City Council on last Thursday night is not to be quietly acquiesced in, and a number of the smaller shop-keepers have made up their minds to test the legality of the measure in the courts. The subject is one in which the whole community have a practical interest, and we may confidently expect that the matter will be fought out to the bitter end. One of the leading fruit-dealers, it is said, has announced his determination to carry no stock of perishable commodities until the question has been definitely decided one way or the other. Should his example be followed by other dealers, Toronto's citizens will be to a large extent deprived of the benefits expected from the abundant fruit crops which the present season bears promise of bringing to maturity.

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The dialect poem entitled Our Little Dick on page six of the current number of this paper deals with an evil which is at once great and growing, and which, unless some remedy be applied, bids fair to affect the welfare of future generations of our fellow beings. The over cramming system is all too prevalent in our public school system, not in Toronto only, but throughout the Province of Ontario, and for that matter throughout the English-speaking countries of the world. The case of Little Dick is not by any means an isolated one. Many children every year find their way to premature graves from this cause, and many others receive physical or mental injury which seriously handicaps them in the race of life. The object of those who prescribe the lessons in our public schools is doubtless a laudable one. They desire to bring the children on, and to make a creditable show at the examinations. Now, a thorough education, as a general rule, is a thing greatly to be desired, but there are people to whom a thorough education is anything but an unmixed blessing. There is no use in mincing matters. There are persons to whom a liberal education is a doom and a curse. Men educated beyond their native capacity for absorbing knowledge are to be found in all the professions, and they are generally found at the foot of the ladder.

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There is a happy mean to be observed in all these things. In the old far-away days when we went to school in Canada we were taught comparatively few things. Nowadays the curriculum is greatly extended; but it is open to question whether thoroughness has not been sacrificed to variety. Dickens long ago taught us, in the person of Mr. M'Choakumchild, what in the legitimate result of too much cram. At the present day there are a good many M'Choakumchilds in the public schools of all countries. The effect of such a system is either to train up an army of Gradgrinds, or to impart a weak flavor of learning which sits most ungracefully where it is an exotic. It destroys originality of character, and substitutes a pretentious absurdity which is at once prejudicial and unbecoming.

A GLIMPSE OF OLD SPAIN.

Public Notice.

For mounted or unmounted photographs of the Last Combat of the Gladiators, engraved in our last week's issue, as well as for 15,000 photographic reproductions of ancient and modern works of art, address the Soule Photograph Co., 127 Wellington street West, Toronto. Catalogues 25 cents each.

Mrs. John Duggan gave an At Home last Saturday, which was largely attended, at her house, 466 Spadina avenue.

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Mrs. Prince of 13 Peter street closed house last week and sails in the course of a week with Miss Ross for England, where they will remain during the summer, returning in September.

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Mrs. Arthur Spragge left town last Tuesday to join her husband in Dunlop, British Columbia, and will spend the summer there.

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Mrs. George Harman who is at present at the Arlington, Cobourg, returns shortly and goes to her sister, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt's house on St. George street, where they will live for the summer, during the absence of Mrs. Merritt and family. Quite a number of Torontonians will patronize the Arlington this summer, amongst whom are Mrs. Scarth and family, Mrs. Walter Townsend and family, Mrs. Bruce Harman and family, and Mrs. Elliott Helliwell.

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Mrs. Geo. Kirkpatrick was in town last week to bid her father, Sir David Macpherson, and family good-bye, on their departure for Germany.

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Mr. Walter Townsend and daughter left on Monday for England. Sir Wm. Young, bart., and Lady Young are with Mrs. Townsend, College street, on a short visit again.

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Miss Taylor of Ottawa has been staying with Miss Parsons, Queen's Park.

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We are informed that Captain Sears, Adjutant of the Infantry School, who was reported to be on the eve of departure for England to join his regiment, will not leave Toronto for some time yet.

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Mr. Alfred Hoyles, late of Halifax, N. S., has gone to Montreal, where he is staying with friends.

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Mrs. Henry E. Duggan of 149 Beverley street, gave an afternoon tea on Wednesday of last week, to about seventy-five guests.

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Miss Howden has arrived in town for a month, to take a short course of singing lessons from Signor D'Auria, whose scholarship she won, before the closing of the Conservatory for the summer holidays.

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Mr. T. C. Patteson, Postmaster of Toronto, is contemplating a trip to the Old Country on private business, and will probably sail in a week or so.

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Miss Mabel Henderson of Kingston is staying with Mrs. Chas. Temple, St. George street.

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Miss Maud Gildersleeve of Kingston has arrived in town on a short visit to Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Church street.

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Among those who go abroad this summer will be a party chaperoned by Miss Hill of this city. There are about a dozen ladies, mostly Canadians, also a few Americans. They expect to start in the middle of June. From this city there go Miss Cosens of McCaul street, Miss Howard of Carlton street, Miss Birchall and Miss Lillie of Sherbourne street, Miss Scott. Hamilton will send Miss Ambrose. The party go straight to London, where they do some shopping and sight-seeing, for a month, then on to Paris, where they stay a couple of weeks; thence by way of Switzerland to Germany, visiting Dresden, Berlin, and return through Leipzig and Weisbaden to Paris, thence homeward, arriving back some time in September.

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Among those sailing from New York to-day (Saturday) for England are Mrs. Hillyard Cameron and Miss Madeline Cameron. An interesting cause takes these two hence, and when Miss Cameron returns to Canada, if she ever does, it will only be on a visit to her old home and no longer as Miss Cameron. The lady will shortly be married in England to an officer in the Imperial service, and, with her husband, sails immediately after the wedding for India, which is to be their future home. Lord Frederick Hamilton, Lady Lansdowne's very handsome brother, left Toronto the evening before the Vice-regal party (Tuesday) for England *via* Yew York.

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Their Excellencies' farewell visit to Toronto, ostensibly to give their patronage to the Art Exhibition was an undeniable honor, and an act of graciousness towards the Queen City which shows plainly their kind appreciation of the loyalty and affection displayed by us on the last occasion when we had the honor of their presence among us for a whole month. No other Viceroy has shown such a penchant for Toronto, or such a keen desire to encourage all the worthy ambitions of this particular city. The many words and addresses presented to Lord and Lady Lansdowne at the Pavilion on Monday afternoon were not simply meaningless acts of courtesy extended customarily to reigning heads of country, government, party or society, they were the outspring of the sincere regret we feel in losing them. Their Excellencies arrived on the 7.30 train in the morning, the vice-regal party consisting of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lady Macdonald, Lord Frederick Hamilton, Capt. Streatfeild, official secretary, and Capt. the Hon. H. S. Anson, aide-de-camp. They drove straight to Government House, where the party rested until 2.30 p.m., when Lord and Lady Lansdowne, always punctual, accompanied by Col. Gzowski, A.D.C. to the Queen, Capt. Streatfeild and Capt. Anson in waiting, and Lord Fred Hamilton, got into carriages and drove to the Horticultural pavilion to receive the farewell addresses of the city, and different societies. As the Vice-Regal carriage approached the pavilion, the band of the C company struck up God Save the Queen, and on their entrance into the building the Citizen's band, stationed in the top gallery, and which had been playing selections during the interval, burst loudly forth in the same tune, which was the signal for the large audience to stand. The procession up the building was headed by the members of the Reception Committee, after whom came the aides, Captains Streatfeild and Anson, then Lord Lansdowne, then Lady Lansdowne on Mayor Clarke's arm, followed up by Lord Fred Hamilton. The audience cheered and remained, standing until the distinguished party were seated, when the interesting proceedings commenced. Lady Lansdowne in a black silk and satin striped dress, with a white vest and bonnet of biscuit colored lace and velvet coronet brim, and long, lemon-colored kid gloves, smiled, bowed most sweetly and graciously from her seat on her husband's left, to everyone within range of her eye, even turning to the schoolchildren seated on the raised seats behind her, and doing the same. After the presentation of addresses a few people were introduced to their Excellencies, receiving a warm shake of the hands and most hearty smile and bow, when the party prepared to leave the building. Mayor Clarke gave Lady Lansdowne his arm and they made slow progress towards the door, as Lady Lansdowne insisted on shaking hands with every one within her reach on the way, occasionally adding a few farewell words.

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In the evening Sir Alexander Campbell gave a large dinner in honor of his distinguished guests. There were present Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lady Macdonald, Captains Streatfeild and Anson, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Prof. Clark of Trinity College, Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, and Miss O'Brien, Lord Frederick Hamilton, Mr. Melton Prior of London, Eng., Miss Mabel Heward, Capt. Sears, Hon. O. and Mrs. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. McLeod.

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Lady Lansdowne wore a handsome trained gown of deep olive-green silk, slashed up in the skirt to show a petticoat of salmony pink satin. The bodice was cut low, and there were no sleeves. Her ornaments were a necklace, pendant earrings, bracelets, and pins of diamonds. Lady Macdonald wore a very attractive and striking dress of red and gold striped gauze, and magnificent diamond necklace, having three large pendants attached to the single string. Miss Campbell had on a white tulle dress and striped satin bodice with feather trimmings. Mrs. Harcourt Vernon was in black net and lace, with diamonds. Miss Heward being in mourning also wore black, with jet aigrette headdress.

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At nine, the guests having been previously warned, the Governor-General and party retired, to proceed to the rink, and the others immediately followed suit.

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On arrival at the rink, where the exhibition is to be held, and which was prettily decorated, the Vice-regal party, consisting of Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Alexander Campbell, and Lady Macdonald, Capt. Streatfeild, the Hon. Capt. Anson, and Lord Frederick Hamilton, were received by Col. Gzowski and Mr. L. R. O'Brien, and walked to the platform, Mr. O'Brien escorting Lady Lansdowne. Both ladies of the party carried handsome bouquets.

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After speeches by Mr. O'Brien and Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario, to which Lord Lansdowne responded feelingly, the whole company repaired to the Art Gallery and viewed the pictures, productions of purely Canadian talent. It was proposed by Mr. O'Brien during his speech, and attentively listened to by their Excellencies, that on their return from the Far East, five years hence, to old England, they travel by means of Pacific Ocean, British Columbia and Dominion of Canada, thus passing through and visiting Toronto, when he, as the President of the Canadian Academy, hoped to have a fit gallery in which to offer them a fitting welcome.

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Their Excellencies departed about 10.30, after which dancing commenced and was kept up till a late hour. Refreshments were served during the evening.

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Among those present were: Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mr. Edin and Miss Mabel Heward, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. Fox, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Miss Howden of Millbrook, Col. and Mrs. Sweeny, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Duggan, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Miss Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Miss Ethel McCarthy, Mrs. McMahon, Miss Amy Beatty, Mr. and the Misses Chadwick, Miss Grace Boulton, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Capt. Sears, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Mr. A. Powell Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Nordheimer, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Miss Kathleen O'Brien, Miss Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Sir Wm. Howland, Mr. Oliver Howland, Miss Kate Merritt, Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Bunting and Miss Bunting, the Misses Birchall, Mrs. Kenneth Moffatt, Miss Ida Moffatt, Miss E. Montizambert of Quebec, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Madeline Spratt, Miss Consance Cumberland, Mr. McQueen of Woodstock, Mr. Brock, Mr. R. Moffatt, Mr. Gordon Heward and Miss Heward, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. and Miss Patterson, Mr. W. Parker Newton, Miss Emma Armstrong, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. and Miss Rutherford, Miss Maud Gildersleeve of Kingston, Col. and Mrs. Gzowski, the Bishop of Toronto, the Misses Shanley, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boswell, Mr. George Beardmore and Miss Beardmore, Judge, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Arkle. Among the pretty gowns worn on this occasion was a yellow and cream stripe on Mrs. Albert Nordheimer. It was very handsome but the two colors were so ingeniously arranged together that it would be hard to describe the dress. Mrs. Sweeny also was beautifully costumed in a biscuit-colored satin and rich lace. Miss Gildersleeve had on a black velvet gown with a demi-train and a profusion of jet. Mrs. Cattanach was in a rich pink brocade with demi-train. Mrs. G. T. Denson looked very well in pearl satin, but her step-daughter, the bride, Mrs. Alex. Kirkpatrick, quite surpassed herself in a robin-egg blue silk, very stylishly made. Another remarkably striking and beautiful gown was on Mrs. H. K. Merritt. It was a very pale shade of heliotrope satin, patterns embroidered on it with seed pearls, and epaulettes of the same on the shoulders. Miss Howden chose a white satin, to whose petite and blonde beauty nothing could be more suitable. Mrs. Sam. Nordheimer was of course attired in black, that lady never having left off mourning since the sad death of her children. Miss Bunting still appears in white suitable to her first season; Miss Ethel McCarthy was also in white. Miss Birchall, in pale heliotrope and crepe, illustrated finely what pale shades can do for her sex in the evening. Miss Greig wore a brilliantly striking gown of orange. Mrs. H. D. Ellis sparkled in an old shade of pink en train.

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Mr. Melton Prior, known all over the world as the artist of the *Illustrated London News* on a dozen battlefields in Egypt and elsewhere, was present with the Howland-Merritt party. Mr. Prior wore the ribbon of the Third Order of the Medije, and some half-dozen medals, which he wears by special permission of Her Majesty. He has been the guest of Sir Wm. Howland at Shrewsbury Lodge, and left on Monday night *en route* for British Columbia.

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On Tuesday afternoon their Excellencies received from four till six o'clock. Rain setting in at noon rather dampened the spirits of many intending callers, but the most eager to do their duty to the Queen's representative, and to Lord and Lady Lansdowne personally, were not to be thwarted by bad weather, and Tuesday, therefore, proved a harvest for "cabbies" and livery men. It was later, therefore, than it otherwise would have been when people commenced to arrive. At about half-past five all the officers of this city, in uniform, arrived en masse and passed through the rooms, shaking hands with the Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne. The large ballroom where the refreshments were served, soon presented a much more animated appearance; the sight of the red coats, gold lace, and the clanking of swords enlivening things considerably.

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Lady Lansdowne, standing on the left of Lord Lansdowne, was dressed in a pretty pale blue liberty silk trimmed with white of the same material. She looked remarkably well. In the refreshment room Mrs. Harcourt Vernon attended to the wants of the people in a gown of two shades of electric blue, striped; a panel of white silk embroidered with gold military braid, and a gold embroidered military collar, made the costume one of the most stylish, handsome and originally designed in the room. Miss Campbell was simply attired in a plain cadet blue cloth. Among the very newest and prettiest suits was noticed that of Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, who wore a black silk and satin with a white brocade panel and a very becoming bonnet to match. Also another all black one on Mrs. Sam Nordheimer of Glenedyth of black striped silk, fitting her exquisitely, and worn with a gauze transparent bonnet, and fancy shoulder wrap of dull jetted beads. Mrs. G. W. Yarker had on a brown suit with a fancy pattern over-dress and brown bonnet, which was a most effective toilet. Miss May Jones, whose taste in dress is famous, only needs it to be said of her that she was in a neat fitting brown tailor-made frock with hat to match.

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Others present were Mrs. Wynn, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Sam Nordheimer, Mr. Hollyer, the Misses Yarker, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. and Miss Kate Merritt, Lieut.-Col., Mrs. and Miss Otter, Lieut.-Col. G. T. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. James Strachan, Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Miss Robinson, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Percy Hodgins and Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Baines, Mrs. Cattanach, the Lord Bishop of Toronto, Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin, Miss Dumoulin, Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, Rev. Dr. Wild, Mrs. and Miss Wild, Rev. Prof. Boys, Mr. G. W. Yarker, Mr. Stinson, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Capt. Macdougall, Capt. Sears, Mrs. Leslie, Mr. Frank Jones, the Misses Birchall, Capt. W. C. Macdonald, Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie and Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mrs. H. S. Howland and the Misses Howland, Mr. W. W. Strathy, Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the Misses Rutherford, Commander Law, R. N., and Mrs. Law, Mr. Geo. Jones, Mr. W. Standish Lowe, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson, Miss Edith Montizambert, Major Harrison.

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If only by force of contrast to its two or three immediate forerunners, the present week has been fraught with events in the social world. The Governor General's visit with its attendant large dinner parties at Government House, with the private view of the picture gallery at the Granite Rink, and his Excellency's reception on Tuesday, was the cause of an excited *reveille* in society. Furthermore included in the seven days which I have to review is the small but eminently successful dance of the hospitable bachelors on McCaul street on Friday of last week, and the Misses McCutcheon's crowded and brilliant At Home last Saturday. There have been also at least two successful riding parties, a minuet practice, which was in fact a very select little dance at Government House, on one evening, and several minor afternoon entertainments. The devotees of the May masque and minuet have capered and posed and poised almost every night, and for them at any rate there has been plenty to do since last Saturday night.

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But to leave generalities and descend to

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Early this month the baby King of Spain attains his second birthday. The mother, who seems to have taken to heart the Scriptural injunction, "Be ye wise as serpents and gentle as doves," has arranged with admirable diplomacy, for a gigantic birthday party, somewhat after the style of the children's jubilee celebration in England. Each little guest will receive a medal bearing a picture of the wee King. Twelve thousand meat pies, the same number of cakes and oranges, and 1500 lbs. of sweets have been ordered, with which to make a most forcible appeal to the loyalty of the juvenile subjects.

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Writing of all these good things reminds me that a medical man of my acquaintance strongly recommends for the children's table, in lieu of many other sweets which affect the digestive organs injuriously, a simple dish of stewed figs. They may be sweetened or not, according to the taste. Figs, whether raw or cooked, might I think be substituted for the quantities of candies and nuts which some children devour, with very beneficial results to their complexions.

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'Tis a wise mother who knows her own children; who understands that however lovable they may be in her sight they may not occupy a like favorable position in the unbiased regard of strangers; who is capable of acknowledging to herself that Tom's high spirits occasionally verge on insolence, Dick's secretiveness on cunning and that Harry's imaginativeness has a leaning toward untruth. The best mothers are those whose clear-sightedness is not diminished by their devotion, but who have the faculty of suppressing or expanding with equal gentleness and strength of will. A writer in an English magazine points out, with admirable good sense, that the training of boys and girls to manhood and womanhood involves much beside keeping them in good health, storing their minds with knowledge and inculcating good manners. Children must be morally trained and enlightened. Whether the tasting of the fruit of the tree of knowledge be staved off for a longer or shorter period, it comes eventually to all. Knowledge which is obtained by chance may come from vitiated sources, and may stalk in scarlet instead of white. The writer, therefore, urges upon fathers and mothers the necessity of taking this matter into their own hands and being themselves the instructors and instructresses of their sons and daughters, and of impressing on their young minds that "wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Not making this a matter of religion, but hard-headed common sense. It is not perhaps a proper idea of honesty which makes an upright course a matter of policy, nor may it be the highest grade of morality which is virtuous simply because of its bearing on the social standing of an individual, or which is a matter of worldly calculation in any form, but even this is to be preferred to a total deficiency of either honor or virtue.

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Somebody has mooted the project of a home for girls, and the question is discussed in one of the daily papers. Such an institution is greatly needed, and the sooner the matter is brought to a head, the better. But to be a success it must not be advertised as being conducted on a religious basis, nor must it encroach in any way on the ground occupied by societies wearing a religious garb. This I say with a due amount of deference for the work done by these societies, but with a perfect knowledge that there are girls who mistakenly associate everything religious with a condition of gloom, and who would endure a great deal rather than place themselves under a code of rules denouncing and forbidding many pleasures which they had been taught to regard, even in the sanctity of their homes, as quite consistent with decency and morality as well as with youth. A home claiming only to be conducted on principles of morality, refinement, economy and sanitation would be much more alluring to the very stamp of girl most requiring to be hedged about with respectability and innocent amusement to antidote temptation. I have read descriptions of such homes or clubs existing in London, Eng., in connection with insurance companies and other professions in which woman are engaged. There are a large number of women employed in Toronto as telegraph operators, telephone girls, daily governesses, stenographers and in other forms of clerical work. Many of these would hail with delight the prospects of congenial companionship after business hours.

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Rules for admittance to membership or tenancy of apartments might be formulated on the same lines as club rules. Rooms might be let at the lowest possible rate consistent with the expense of furniture of a plain but homelike character, with liberty to the tenant of adding such small comforts and knick-knacks as fancy might dictate. Table board, of course, to be obtained in the building.

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Among the attractions of the institution should be a reading-room, gymnasium and concert room or theater for concerts, tableaux, etc., or which, cleared of its chairs, might furnish room for an occasional dance.

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Two evenings in the week might be set apart for the reception of visitors, for "love will enter in," and it is desirable that the girls should entertain their male friends at home rather than be obliged to meet them at street corners.

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To those who have had experience in the management of such institutions my outline may present a thousand objections. I am sure, however, that to induce the girls, for whose benefit any such home is founded, to take advantage of its shelter, every effort should be made to furnish them, at little cost, with such amusements, comforts and refinement as it might be supposed they had enjoyed at some more fortunate period of their existence.

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Shopping, last week, on King street, I was tempted into expressing to the clerk my admiration for a lovely blue dress which I had just seen a lady purchase for herself. It was of that deeper shade than Gobelin blue which is very fashionable. "It is an exquisite dress," was my rapturous comment. "It is that," was the reply, in the accent of auld Scotia, "but yons no the leddy should wear that shade; she's as yellow 's saffron." His ideas were entirely my own, but I judiciously refrained from making any remark at the time.

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Blondes look well in red-browns and dark tan shades, whilst dark hair and a pale complexion are admirably thrown out by yellow tans and fawn tints. The fashionable shades of blue should only be worn by fair women. Watercress bronze and lizard greens are also preferable for blondes, but the two former are not too unbecoming for the brune, if she be not very sallow. The color known as old pink, or *vieux rose*, has been revived, and is immensely becoming both to the blonde and brunette, but it must be avoided when there is much color or where the hair is of a coppery tinge.

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A stylish hat for the sort of girl to whom a certain amount of primness or trimness is becoming, is of turban shape, faced with golden brown velvet and having in front a large bunch of variegated tulips, backed by loops of brown ribbon.

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Bonnets are worn very narrow and flat at the sides. The trimming occupies a central position and must not be arranged too heavily, as the object is to obtain an appearance of height without solidity. NUOVA AULA.

LIFE'S FURROWS.

Our Sporting Column.

Now that the long winter is over the young men, who for the past six months have been allowing their manly biceps to soften and their avoirdupois to go up, have awakened to the fact that summer is coming and that some plan of sporting operations must be devised. For, as you know, Montreal and Toronto are the two foremost athletic cities of the continent. The young American is usually too lazy to take the trouble of playing any game, and takes his exercise vicariously by means of his professional "ball" players. Of course the state to which baseball has fallen in the States has a great deal to do with this, and gentlemen are naturally chary of playing a game which has been in many instances a mere gambling scheme used in the interests of its promoters. It is different in Canada.

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Now, I do not wish to be misconstrued. There are, of course, many young Americans who are grand athletes. Very few of them play baseball, though. Along the Atlantic coast as far south as Philadelphia the amateur game *par excellence* is cricket. In Philadelphia particularly has the grand old English game made great strides. Everyone remembers their sending a team to England four seasons ago, and the eleven met with very fair success. In New York and Boston the cricketers are numerous, and the game is increasing in favor. In the West a little cricket and less lacrosse is played, and the colleges play baseball for a month or so. Compare Canada. Here every young man plays some game, or bicycles or yachts. If he doesn't he is an object of commiseration. Which is very right. Perhaps after this explanatory introduction the athletes—and the fair sex, who inspire them to "deeds of derring do"—will understand that SATURDAY NIGHT's sporting editor will have a varied field to cover. But we promise that every manly sport will have an advocate in us.

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But to get back to our muttons. I hear that this season is going to be a very busy one for the Argonauts. Efforts are to be made towards getting the great senior four on the water once more. Certainly it will be an impossibility to get the old men out again, but there is plenty of good material in the club to make if need be a totally new four. I was very favorably impressed by the form shown last Saturday by Robert McKay, a son of the member of the famous great crew. "Boisee," as we used to call him at school, is a rattling good 'un, and when he gets just a little bigger and a trifle better "set up," he should prove a worthy successor of his paternal relative.

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Going farther down the Bay, I find the Toronto rowing club ready for work. The champion four of last year is, of course, the pride and glory of the entire club. The crew took a spin on Saturday last, as far as the Northern elevator. Both of the Thompson brothers are rowing exceedingly well, and Wright and Knox, although just a trifle over weight, are able to clip the pace as well as ever. In addition to the senior four, the Toronto club intends placing three junior four-oared crews one the water. Guinane and Pryce, the double-skiff men, were out last week. They will be entered as the Torontos' representatives at the C. A. A. O. regatta, to be held here in July next. I also hear that J. J. Ryan, formerly the crack single sculler of the Bayaides, has joined the Torontos. He and Grinstead should make a great race for the Dufferin medal.

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Mr. J. B. McLean of the Toronto canoe club was telling me last week that the club has decided to enlarge the club-house as soon as possible. There are now over seventy members on the club roll, and there is a growing feeling in favor of leasing a piece of land on the Island, where there would be plenty of elbow room.

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The yachtsmen have been working for weeks past at their boats. Many have been the evenings and Saturday afternoons spent at the clubs during the last month or so. The holystone and the plane have been brought into requisition and many changes have been made, which were planned during the winter and which, the owners will assure you, are going to "make her good enough for anything on the lake." How they all long for the time when the white wings will be spread and the boats will have a chance to get their bottoms renovated by the swift rushing waves.

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The Canadian baseball clubs can hardly be said to be covering themselves with glory. Toronto is doing only fairly well, while Hamilton and London seem to have determined to become tail enders. In the box Toronto seems as strong as any of them, but she usually makes more errors and more hits than her opponents. This won't do at all. Manager Cushman had better get men who can field. In every game there is one man at least who has erred repeatedly, and no amount of stick work will defeat a club which knows that it has only to hit the ball frequently to get to first. Hamilton and London seem weak everywhere. The Foresters have made good records against some of the clubs but a little bird tells me that the reason of most of the bad play is internal dissension. Manager Powers had better put his foot down at once and stop it. As for Hamilton, the glory of the great and only Pete Wood has departed. The Troy nine, the dispatches say, found him "an easy mark" and they went for him to the tune of seventeen hits. Hide thy diminished head, O Peter B.

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No doubt there will be a great crowd at the baseball grounds to-day when Toronto and London meet.

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To-day the first race of the season will be sailed between Mr. Parkinson's Mischief and Mr. Frank Gray's Caprice. One hundred dollars a side is the amount involved and the race should be a rattling good one. Mr. Charley Black will sail the Caprice while Mr. Parkinson will look after his own boat. The race will be sailed over the club third-class course, and Mr. Perceval, the club measurer, is to act as starter and referee. The articles of agreement provide that there shall be at least a two-knot breeze.

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Talking of football, I see that the *World* has some very sensible remarks anent the trip of the Canadian association football men to England. I agree with it in thinking that the management will make a great mistake if they put their men against anything like first-class English clubs. They will be, as the saying is, beaten out of their boots. There is no doubt that the English and Scottish crack teams can beat anything in the world. A good Canadian team would perhaps give the second class clubs over there a good shake, but they will be woefully out-classed if they try the first-class clubs.

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I am told that Toronto university is to have an exceptionally strong team this season. I should not be surprised to see the 'Varsity defeat Trinity on June 5 and 6. The Trinitarians have no one to bowl, excepting Grout. The rest of the trundling is very so-so. The 'Varsity has, to begin with, three very fair bowlers in the three Senkler brothers. Then Rykert and Jack Johnson both bowl fairly well.

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The Toronto colts, Mr. Crooks tells me, expect to have a stronger team than last year. The departure of Mr. Lloyd, who was excellent behind the sticks, will be counterbalanced by the incoming of Read, an ex-Trinity college school boy; Spearman, and two or three other men, who should help to make a rattling good eleven. The Colts play at Hamilton to-day and C Company next Saturday.

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To change the subject. A friend of mine—an Englishman—remarked to me yesterday on the small number of tricycles to be seen in Toronto. As for seeing a lady on a three wheeler, it seemed an unknown thing. I had never noticed the fact until he drew my attention to it. In many towns in the States, and in Montreal, I have seen women pedalling along on their sociables, nobody taking an extraordinary amount of notice. I suppose if they were to come out here the great public would stand and gape and grin and make it generally uncomfortable for the daring woman who had enough independence to try it—which goes to say that the public, as a whole, is like a child. It is surprised at everything new, and when the novelty becomes worn off, is surprised that anybody should be surprised at it. How is that for an aphorism?

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The block pavements are now in splendid condition for wheeling, and every night see numbers of riders of the silent steed. I hear that the Wanderers are going up to Woodstock on the Queen's Birthday. They should carry off a good share of the prizes.

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If there is living a fossil who thinks he knows everything, that gentleman is John Ruskin. This time he is on bicycling. Listen: "I not only object, but am quite prepared to spend all my best "bad language" in reprobation of bitri and 4-5-6 or 7 cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground. To walk, to run, to leap, and to dance are the virtues of the human body, and neither to stride on stilts, wriggle on wheels, or dangle on ropes, and nothing in the training of the human mind and body will ever supersede the appointed God's ways of slow walking and hard working." Funny, isn't it?

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Ashenhurst, of last year's Orangeville team; D. Coulson, of Toronto's, and W. Cahill, of Brockville's, will likely be found on the Ontarios this year.

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Jim O'Neil and Charles Linden will be found in the ranks of the Athletics of St. Catharines, this year.

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The Young Torontos have commenced practice on the Moss Park rink. A good showing may be expected from this flourishing young club this year. The following are some of their best players:—Charles Elliott, Charley (Shorty) Thompson, Harry Taylor, Jack McGrath, Pete McMichael, Will Park, George Amor, George McQuillan, John Park, W. McCleary, Joe McQuillan.

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The schedule committee of the Central District of C. L. A. met at the Palmer House on Wednesday, May 9, 1888. Delegates from the following clubs were present: Olympics of Milton, Ætnas of Georgeton, Excelsiors of Brampton, Young Canadians of Richmond Hill, Young Torontos and Young Ontarios.

YAKETYKEG.

Life's Furrows.

For Saturday Night.

In the early morn of a bright spring day,
When the balmy breeze is the breath of May,

A fair-faced youth with a sunny brow,
Walks in the furrow behind the plough;

Carelessly, gracefully striding along,
He carols lightly a merry song.

And a smile creeps over his handsome face,
As he thinks of the kiss, and the warm embrace,

When gentle Mary—her parents' pride—
Had said—sweet words—she would be his bride.

* * * * * * *

Years pass—in the furrow a strong man stands,
Grasping the plough with his sinewy hands

But the spring that gladdened his heart of yore,
Wakes the spirit of song in his breast no more.

And looking closely, the eye can trace
Care's first faint furrows upon his face.

But his visage lights wi. h its old time joy
At the merry shouts of his only boy.

And he dreams that the prettier by his side
May some day be his country's pride.

* * * *

When a score of years have rolled away,
In the field a ploughman, old and gray,

Follows his team with a tottering tread,
With trembling hands and a drooping head.

His look is weary, and pain and care
And heavy sorrows are shadowed there.

And the rains of bitterest anguish trace
Their course down the furrows that mark his face,

As he thinks of the son whose life he gave,
His boy, who sleeps in a drunkard's grave;

And his faithful companion through praise and blame,
Whose fond heart broke with her darling's shame.

* * * * * * *

May comes again with her sunny skies—
A rusted plough on the headland lies.

The rains have washed and the sun has burned
The earth that was last from the mould-board turned.

But where on the hillside warm and bright,
The sunshine gleams on the marbles white,

A hole in the earth yawns dark and deep;
And the mould is fresh in that sombre heap.

They carry an aged form with care,
And lay it to rest on the hillside there.

The toil and the pain and the sorrow are past
And Life's sad furrows are filled at last. MAC

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

A ROSE DISTILL'D

BY "THE DUCHESS."

Author of "Molly Bawn," "Phyllis," etc.

"Did you enjoy yourself, darling?" asks Mrs. Stamer, as she and the child are rolling home swiftly beneath the light of the quiet stars, through the scented lanes, heavy with dew and moonshine.

"Yes, so much," says the little one. "But want to sleep; and he was very good to me, and nursed me so comfortably."

"Who did, darling?" she asked, indifferently.

"The strange man."

"What man?" cries her mother, with as much force as though someone had struck her. A passionate throb shakes her heart; all her calmness beat tumultuously.

"The tall, thin man," says the child, simply. "They called him the General."

"Ah!" says Mrs. Stamer. She inhales her breath quickly, making a sound like a sob, and leans back in the carriage.

It is now next day, and again Apollo is on high, saluting the earth with his fire. Last night the general slept little, but asked many questions. He had kept one of the Claves (their return from the Grange) in the smoking-room until an unconscionable hour, probing him unmercifully about Dulce. The Claves had to remain until the young man's lids fell down over his eyes. Then the general, seeing no more was to be gained from him, generously sent him to bed. But bed he could not, the general that night meant nothing less than torment.

Something had happened to wake within him memories of a past, now three years old. He had not been General Steyne then, but a colonel, and life at that time had shown him its sweetest and its bitterest sides. He had been wrong then, he knew this now—he had been wrong, indeed, all through, but only discovered his error when too late. And last night, a few hours ago, a little baby face, pure as snow-tinged thing, framed in a glory of hair, yellow as uncut corn, had raised within him a demon of remorse and longing that will not be laid.

This morning, breakfast is a mockery to him, of unnerved is he by his long vigil. He fidgets constantly, whilst the cutlets burn their kidneys and toast, and laugh over last night's proceedings; and when decency allows, he rises, and, finding a hat, walks quickly down the stone steps of Claremont, and turns eagerly in the direction that leads to The Holmes. Yes. Now at once and forever, he will get rid of the gnawing anxiety, the consuming hope that has been destroying him for hours; and when he has walked two miles, and his heart has begun to beat feverishly, he comes face to face with Mrs. Stamer, at her entrance gate.

For a long minute they gaze at each other in silence that may be felt. The general breaks it. "I was not mistaken, then," he says, in a low tone."

"No! and what then?" says Mrs. Stamer, in a cold, clear voice, full of defiance. She raises her eyes proudly to his, though in very truth her soul is fainting within her.

"After three long years of incessant search, to find you here—of all places—unawares!" he says, gazing earnestly at her. He seems lost in astonishment; he cannot, though the doing so would be a relief to him, avert his eyes from the fair but wrathful face that returns his glance so steadily.

"Well, you have found me," she says, still defiant; "and now what have you gained by your discovery!"

"Not much, perhaps, in your eyes; but to me this accidental meeting has brought comfort that is almost overpowering. I have seen you again and well. It is a great deal. You cannot, of course, understand how much—and besides all this, I have held the child in my arms! She slept here" (laying his hand upon his heart with a rather simple gesture). "She had her little arms around my neck; she was happy with me."

"My daughter told me you had been kind to her," says Mrs. Stamer, coldly. She speaks as and might who is acknowledging a small kindness done to her by an acquaintance of a day. The settled distance of her manner cuts him to the heart.

"It was nothing," he says, his color rising, his voice growing tremulous; "nothing to you, at least; but it filled me with a joy I have not known for years—for three long years. I can still feel the pressure of her little head."

"Dulce was grateful to you," said Dulce's mother, icily. "I regret she cannot thank you in person."

"Dulce.' She was Audrey once," exclaims he, quickly.

"I changed all that when I changed—many other things. Dulce suits her best—my sweet! As the last words fall from her lips they soften them, and her whole face grows alight with the rapturous glow born of the most eternal love of all.

"May I not see her!" asks the general, very humbly. "Surely I have some claim to—"

"She belong to me," says Mrs. Stamer, interrupting him with some passion. Is there not fear mingled with it. She turns aside from him, as though his presence is no longer tolerable.

"You are in mourning," he says, quickly, bent on detaining her for even one more precious minute.

"Sombre colors become those who are widowed," replies she, with her eyes on the ground.

"But the child!" exclaims he in deep agitation. "Last night I noticed it—she, too, is in mourning!"

"It is only right she should be so; she has lost her father," says Mrs. Stamer. She moves away from him to where the giant elms are throwing dark shadows on the grass, and soon is lost to sight amidst their gloom.

Looking older, grayer, the general goes down the dusty road, lost in saddest thought; coming to a stile, he steps over it, and enters a field, green as emerald, at the side of which a little stream runs gurgling with tremulous glee, as it ruishes to meet the great ocean, that lies in a white mist far below. A mighty fir uprears itself in the corner of this field, and, leaning against it, the general gives himself up to the most miserable reflections, when a sound comes to him. A fresh, sweet sound, that thrills him to his heart's core, and, uplifts it to know that even for him there is joy upon the blessed earth.

It is a child's voice singing; and the child herself is coming to him across the sunlit sward, with her dark eyes all aglow, and her lips parted, and her half flying behind her, like a golden glory. She has crimson poppies in her hands, and is holding them close to her little bosom, as though filled with love for them, as she speeds along. She has escaped from nurse, and in the delicious sense of freedom is chanting aloud a merry lilt.

But even as the general gazes upon her, a change passes over the little face. As if to prove that every pain must mingle with our dearest gladness here, the child pauses in her happy run, her song ceases. The poppies quiver ominously; and, sinking on the ground, she bursts into a flood of tears.

In a moment the general is at her side, has lifted her in his strong arms, and is asking her what has happened. He presses her tangled yellow head against his breast, and betrays such genuine grief at her mishap that the child is half consoled. He may be unlearned in childhood's ways, yet it is with a touch that a woman might have envied, because of its gentleness, that he sets about discovering the damage done.

Dulce is not shy. She has ceased crying; and now lifting her angelic eyes to his, she points sorrowfully to her little rounded bare leg as though demanding sympathy. It is a small affair, after all—the taking of a venomous nettle that has raised a pink flush upon her tender skin. The general stoops and kisses the soft injured limb with the greatest tenderness.

He even removes the shoe and sock from her foot, with a view to ascertaining whether or not the wicked nettle has penetrated through the strong kid. Then, with an awkwardness unrivalled, he draws on the sock again, and after a fierce and protracted battle with it, reduces the button of the shoe to subjection. Dulce is delighted with him. She has quite adopted him by this time, and is sitting without the slightest regard for decency with her arms lightly clasped round his neck, and her cheek rubbing its velvet softness against his.

"Does he know mamma? Does he love her?" The general flushes. "Yes, he has seen mamma. Does she love her?"

"Oh, yes. Mamma is beautiful and must be loved. She, Dulce, loves her most, though, when she is crying" and she is often crying, poor mamma. Then Dulce comforts her. Mamma says she is her only comfort."

"And Dulce's papa?"

"Papa is dead. Mamma has said so. He is buried, down, down," pointing to the ground. "But mamma told her only yesterday that she must love him always, even though she may never see him till she goes up to heaven. He was the best man that ever lived," says Dulce sweetly, as if repeating an old lesson, looking straight into the general's abashed eyes.

"He was not," said the general, suddenly losing his head.

"But he was," declares the child indignantly, regarding him with a sudden accession of disfavor. "Mamma says so."

"Mamma!"

"Yes, my mamma—and she knows. You knew him too," says the little one, with all a child's singular astuteness. "Tell me about him; was he big?—tall?"

She had forgotten her anger of a moment since, and is now gazing at him with one of her sweetest smiles.

"Yes," says the general.

"And with gray hair, like yours?" stroking his grizzly locks.

"EVEN AS HE OPENS THE DOOR DULCE COMES RUSHING IN."

"Yes, just like mine. He was old, too," says the general, with a touch of ill-suppressed bitterness.

"Had he nice eyes, like yours!"

"Very like mine, my angel." And then the child tightens her arms about him, and entreats him to come home with her to her own house, and she will show him her pretty garden, and her ducks and little soft yellow chicks, and the rose that has bloomed upon her own tree.

But the general declares he cannot come today; some other time. He breaks off abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and bends his head upon his breast. Growing frightened, the little one tries to raise it, and she sees that tears are running down the general's cheeks and that he is crying.

To-day, as usual, Mrs. Stamer is sitting in her huge rocking-chair, waiting her big fan to and fro. Her lids have drooped slightly over her eyes in true drowsy fashion; the action of her wrists grows languid; she is in full enjoyment of an afternoon as sultry and free from air of any kind as one living for years in the far East can possibly desire.

Yet there is a faint curve about her perfect lips that is hardly happy, a touch of pallor in her soft cheeks that suggests mournful, nay, even hateful thought.

"General Steyne," says a servant, opening the door suddenly, so detaching her from a painful past, as to bring her to a yet more painful present—to judge by the cloud that covers her fair face.

But the servant's eye is on her, and so she forces herself to rise, and bow coldly to her visitor, and say, "How d'ye do," as quietly as if the heart in her body is not beating wildly, madly with surprise and indignation, and something else, perhaps.

Then the servant vanishes; as he does so her enforced courtesy vanishes too, and with passionate contempt and anger she turns to the general.

"You! And here!" she says. It is as if she would gladly have said much more, but that her strength is insufficient for her. She is literally consumed by the emotion that is making her bosom rise and fall tumultuously.

"I couldn't help it," says the general. It is a perfectly puerile excuse, and at the least very humble—so humble that it would have disarmed most women's anger. Unhappily it has only the effect of increasing Mrs. Stamer's.

"That you should dare to seek me," she says, with a little gasp, "to even look upon my face again: to—"

"It was that that brought me," interrupts he eagerly. So eagerly that, for the moment, he appears almost a young man. "To look upon your face once more—for the last time, perhaps. That I am unworthy to do it, I know; but I risked everything, even your anger. It was an overpowering desire; I could not conquer it." He speaks somewhat incoherently, and when his voice fails him, there is a pause.

"Now that you have gratified your desire, I shall be glad if you will go," says Mrs. Stamer, drawing her breath in a somewhat laboured fashion. She is standing always, and has one hand upon a chair near her, as though to steady herself. Her face is white as death, her eyes are all afire.

"Audrey! Have you forgotten all!" cries he in anguish; "all our happy past; you used to say you were happy then. Must my one crime be as a curse upon my whole life? Is pardon impossible?"

"Quite impossible!"

"Could you not try to forgive!"

"For what?" she asks sternly. "To love again—to be again undone? Do! I have wisdom now, where I had only childish trust before. Unheard, you condemned me. Another's voice, the voice of a common slanderer, was more precious in your ears than mine. You believed me false to you—false! How can I forgive, or forget that? You have sown; you now reap; and all is at an end between us."

"Even memory!" asks he, despairingly. "Are there no hours you can look back upon, and wish—"

"I never look back," cries she, vehemently, putting up her hand as though to ward off some fatal blow. "Never! I will not."

At this he is strangely agitated. She betrays a forced determination not to be won over by any argument, however specious.

"If, then, for the future I am to be nothing to you," says the general, in a low tone that he strives hard to reduce to calmness, "tell me—what of the child?"

At this a terrible fear takes possession of her. Her lips part, but no sound comes from them. She looks at him with a dumb entreaty in her beautiful eyes that amounts almost to agony.

"Will he take the child from her? Has he the power to do so? Will he cruelly deprive her of the little creature who has been to her for years as her very heart's blood? Must she live without the sweet companionship that has grown necessary to her?—the food baby kisses that have rendered her sad life not only bearable but almost to be desired!

"You will not take the child from me!" she says, in a dying tone. Her face grows absolutely gray with fear—involuntarily she lays her hand upon her throat, as one might who is in danger of suffocation.

"No, no, no," says the general, vehemently, her evident distrust of him causing him even keener anguish than what has gone before. "The child is yours. I surrender all claim, no matter what it costs me. I owe you so much. I will do nothing to wound you. You have suffered enough at my hands already. I shall do whatever you wish in the future. It rests in your own hands. If you tell me to go now, I shall obey you."

"Then, go," exclaims she: and his face changes perceptibly.

"And if you tell me never to return—if you think that will be for your happiness," his voice trembles, "you shall still be obeyed!" Though he has forced himself to utter the words, they are almost unintelligible. Is she merciless, or has she indeed lost all love for him? Has his one act of unfaith destroyed for ever her hold he once had upon her heart?

"It will be better so," she says, her tone uncertain. She has risen to her feet, and is staring at him with yearning eyes. Is this indeed to be the end? Is she, by two or three words to drive him for ever from her presence? How tall he looks, how grand, how soldier-like, and—he is her husband—and once—once she loved him wildly. The general, drawing himself up to his full height, which is magnificent, walks to the door. Has he not given his word to obey her?

In this world how many great things hinge upon the same circumstance. But for an interruption he might have gone forth and never looked again upon the face dearest to him. Even as he opens the door, Dulce comes rushing in with flying hair, and sparkling eyes, and happy crimson lips, glad with smiles.

"Oh, nurse told me you were here," she cries, as she precipitates herself upon the general, and impounds him on the spot.

"It is my general," she says glancing over her white, rounded shoulder at her mother, who seemed turned into stone. The child is in a very rapture; she throws her little arms around his neck and smothers him with kisses.

"I guessed you would come. I told mamma I had asked you, and that I thought you would come: and you see," with a triumphant glance at her pale mother, "I was right."

"Quite right," says the general, very gently. "Yet you see, Dulce, my coming has been of no use. I must go now, even as you come."

"No, no," says the child hospitably. "Mamma, ask him to stay and have tea with us."

"Mamma, make him," cries the anxious little voice. "I want to show him my new chickens."

"I shall be glad if you will stay," says Mrs. Stamer in a stifled tone. The sight of the child in his arms, with her pretty cheek pressed against his, is almost more than she can endure.

"There!" says Dulce, slipping out of his arms. "Now you must stay—and I shall run and tell Jackson to bring the tea at once."

In a moment she is gone. The general looks with some embarrassment at Mrs. Stamer, and sees that she has covered her face with her hands, and is crying silently, but passionately.

In a moment he is at her side: at her feet. "Audrey, Audrey," he cries imploringly. "Would it be possible to forgive!"

"No, no," sobs she, bitterly, but her voice is not unforgiving.

"Our whole lives must be influenced by this moment," says General Steyne, solemnly. "I implore you to think. I know I am unworthy of pardon, but if——"

"Memory would come between us," whispers she, sadly.

"Nothing shall come between us! If so blessed a thing could happen, as that you would come back to your heart, no earthly power should separate us again."

He waits with beating pulse for her reply. Lifting her streaming eyes to his, she says: "You are really sorry!" It is a foolish question, but very womanly, and it fills the general with contrition.

"Alas! he says, mournfully, "need you ask me that question, my beloved! I doubt if even the great joy of being forgiven by you—if that joy be mine, Audrey—can altogether blot out the recollection of these three past miserable years, during which remorse has been my companion day and night."

"I will drive out that companion," murmurs she with quivering lips, yielding to his sweet caress. "My husband, now that I am your own again, all evil thoughts will fly from you."

"Here comes tea," cried Dulce, dancing into the room before the solemn footman, who is following her with the tray.

"Is it," says her mother, with a tremulous smile. "Good child! Now, will you go and tell cook, that General Steyne will dine with us at half past seven? No, Jackson, no, I want Miss Dulce to take the message herself!"

THE END.

Teaching Him a Lesson.

Bill Flusham is a gentleman who came from Kentucky to Tennessee a year ago and rented a farm from Col. Peterson, who lives seven miles from Memphis. One day last week Bill Flusham lay in wait for his landlord, and planted his unfortunate anatomy with buckshot. Bill was greatly surprised to find himself arrested and brought before a justice of the peace.

"Are you guilty of shooting Col. Peterson?" inquired the justice.

"Of course I shot him," replied Bill, indignantly. "Has any infernal scoundrel been trying to deprive me of the credit of it? Do you, sah, mean to insinuate that any one has been lying about me?"

"Oh, no," hastily replied the justice. "Everybody knows you did it, and I trust you will overlook my having asked the question. It is a mere formality, and in the line of my official duty. you know."

"I expect I will have to overlook it this time," said Bill, "but don't let it occur again."

"It is, of course, none of my business," pursued the justice, "and I have no right to ask the question, but merely as a matter of curiosity I would like to know if you had any previous misunderstanding or trouble with the—the—the remains here!"

"None in the world. My sole object, sah, was to protect myself from being disgraced. Rather than have any stigma attach to my name I'd waylay my best friend and shoot him."

"I don't quite comprehend how he was bringing disgrace on your name," said the justice.

"You are not aware of the facts. If you will examine the pockets of these—these remains you will find my note, sah, and that is in past due. I had good reason to suspect that the—the remains were on their way to a justice of the peace to bring suit on that note, and no doubt that would have been done if I had not anticipated him. No, sah, I can't stand having the escutcheon of our family soiled by a lawsuit. Such an occurrence was never allowed to take place in our family, sah. None of us were ever sued. We never allow any man to owe us, and while in Tennessee I propose to sustain the reputation of our family."

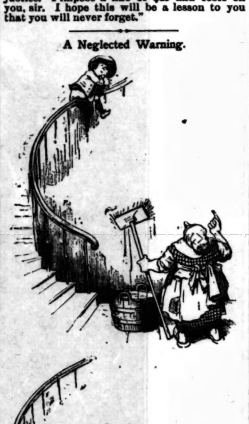
"But you will have to hire a lawyer and pay him at least $100 to defend you, or you will be sent to the penitentiary for a year."

"Have to pay a lawyer $100!" exclaimed Bill. "Why it would be cheaper to have paid the note. It is only for $50. I've never had to pay more than $10 for vindicating my family honor."

"Yes, but you know you are in Tennessee now."

"That's a fact. I forgot all about it. I thought I was in Kentucky among gentlemen. I almost wish I hadn't shot the man."

"You bet you will wish you hadn't shot the man. I'll have to give you a touch of Tennessee justice. I impose a fine of $25 and costs on you, sir. I hope this will be a lesson to you that you will never forget."



A Neglected Warning.

Clips.

A West End tailor has stamped upon his billheads a picture of the forget-me-not.

The only time an Anarchist has his heart in his work is when it rises to his mouth.

Some temperance men are so punctilious that they will never permit themselves to appear in good spirits.

It doesn't make any difference how pretty a girl may be if she like some other young man better.

This is the time that the haughty ruralite with a spare room or two decides to takes a few boarders—just for company.

Dogs are not allowed to pick their company. That is why you often see a $75 dog out walking with a fifteen-cent man.

Some people like to read Max O'Rell's letters, while others like to hear some one else read them. The latter take them O'Relly.

The youth who spreads out the wings of his fancy and swears he is twenty one for a marriage license, lays a small minor consideration.

When the teacher asked, "What made the Tower of Pisa lean?" the slangy boy at the foot of the class promptly responded, "Because it was built that way."

"A genteel carver," says a book on etiquette, "always sits when he carves." Carvers who get on the table and have a wrestling match with the chicken are known by some other name.

"Before I get a cape coat like that thing you've got on," said Mr. Mossback, excitedly, "I'll be found dead in a gutter." "I think it extremely probable," replied Mr. Korton, peacefully. "Several of your friends have told me you would, sooner or later."

Western man (to fellow-passenger)—I'm just from Yeurope. Passenger—That so? Western man—Yes; took in the hull business—London, Paris, Liverpool—everything. Passenger—London's a big town. Western man—Yes; big, slow. Lacks git up an' git. Passenger—You visited St. Paul's Cathedral, of course? Western man—No; I saw the buildin', but I didn't go inside. I am a Minneapolis man myself.

"I don't know about that young Wabash, my dear," said Mr. Breezy of Chicago, to his beautiful daughter; "are you really interested in him?" "Papa, I adore him!" "I hear that he is somewhat fast," went on the old man, dubiously, "and I am very much afraid that your married life might not be happy." "Don't be foolish, papa," said the girl, twining her arms around his neck; "George is truly noble; and, besides, if he doesn't pan out well, it will be easy enough to obtain a divorce.

Conversation overheard on a train for Monte Carlo. Two travellers, unknown to each other, chatting familiarly: "On your way to Monte Carlo, sir, that delightful and exclusive home for all gamblers?" "That is exactly where I am going." "And you will play just a little, I suppose?" "I do nothing else, sir. It is my business." "Gracious! you don't mean to say you make a business of it?" "Yes, sir. Twice a day regularly, and I never by any chance lose." "In that case I must beg you will explain your 'system' to me." "Certainly, with pleasure. I play the violin."

Cave Canem.

Cora (to Dora)—Isn't he just handsome!

Mr. de Vane (to himself)—By Jove, I thought this suit would fetch them.

Dora—Lovely! Just see him wag his tail.

De Vane—I—I'll give Prince an ounce of cyanide of potassium when I get him home, the brute!

And He Was Right.

Solemn man—No, sir, I never fish. I think it is decidedly wrong.

Chipinone—Don't like to be so cruel to the fish!

Solemn man—No; I don't mind hurting the fish, but I think it is wrong to lie.

The Long and the Short of It.

Mr. Bluff (5 ft. 6 in.)—See here, Duff, I've stood this long enough. I know what I intend to. If you don't have him tied up, I'll—

Mr. Duff (6 ft. 5 in.)—Well, sir, what then, sir?

Mr. Bluff—I'll—I'll be bitten by him, I'm afraid.

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Counter lunch from 11 o'clock till 3.

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Criterion Restaurant, 63 King Street East

Condemned by the Dead.

Certainly she was very pretty—pretty in spite of her travel-stained garments, her extreme pallor and the dark rings round her lovely eyes, yet there was something eerie in her expression, something inexplicably sad, since I knew of nothing in the circumstances of her life that was grief inspiring, or that could in any way account for the distressful, half frightened look that was perceptible for a moment, then immediately disappeared, as with outstretched hands and smiling lips she warmly greeted "George's friend."

It was the first time we had met—I, George Anstruther's friend; she, his wife, for though it was now nearly six years ago since he had married the penniless daughter of a brother officer in his own regiment of Punjab cavalry, and we had been almost inseparable before, chance had afterwards kept us apart. I was in the civil service and had only lately been promoted to deputy commissioner, which fact, I verily believe (though a cause of self-congratulation, as I had been hoisted over the heads of several seniors), sunk into comparative insignificance when I discovered that the new attendant on my change of position would bring me into the near neighborhood of my old companion.

Directly I was settled down in my new quarters I organized a shooting party, and wrote to George to join us and bring his wife and little girl, to whom I was godfather. I was a great disappointment when the cheery letter of acceptance that came by return of post was incontinently canceled by a telegram regretting that the sudden illness of someone they knew very well would prevent their visit. The illness turned out to be typhoid, and seemed to me to drag out its slow length to most unreasonable proportions, for again and again I wrote and each time was met with the reply that it was still impossible to leave; that though the crisis was supposed to be past, their patient was still unaccountably weak, and so much depended on good nursing. Perhaps I was selfish in my desire to see "old George" again and too impatient in my entreaties, for the last rather irritable letter I dispatched had elicited a wire to the effect that they would arrive the following day; and now here they were in my large, roomy tent, George warming his hands at the stove and rattling on in his wonted happy, light-hearted style, while little Beryl, his four-year-old daughter, danced about in childish delight with her new surroundings.

After the first responsive warmth at my welcome had faded from her face, I was struck anew by the intense depression noticeable in Mrs. Anstruther's manner, even her attitude. She had sunk into a low camp chair, and her hands, from which she had drawn her gloves, lay white and ringless on the ground at either side of her, while now and again her heavy eyelids dropped, not apparently from fatigue—more as though to shut out some painful sight; and the dark lashes that momentarily swept her cheeks seemed to accentuate their pallor. I could not help drawing attention to her state by offering her a glass of wine, which she hurriedly refused, directing a nervous glance at her husband as she spoke. He laid his hand kindly on her shoulder.

"Poor Nora is completely knocked up. She has been indefatigable in nursing, and really deserves much credit for pulling him through. The doctors thought there was no hope for him at first."

"He is not out of danger yet," she said, in a low and thrilling voice.

It somehow flashed into my mind how wonderfully sweet such a voice would sound in the ears of any one who loved the speaker, how precious it might become—say, pathetically so.

Undoubtedly George Anstruther had shown good taste in his choice; she was a woman all must find attractive, though she evidently made no attempt to charm. She had that helpless, appealing way with her that men find very difficult to resist; her movements were so graceful, her manner so gentle and winning; while I could well imagine that in a sick room she would be just perfect, not doing less than necessary for the patient's comfort, not more.

And, as I said, she was very pretty. Never had I seen such lovely eyes, dark and blue, the color of a violet growing in the shade; and if her features did not reach the highest standard few would have had the brutality to assert so much. Certainly not I. With all my heart I granted her graces of face and form; I acknowledged every fascination she possessed; and yet—

Involuntarily I sighed as I brought back my attention to what George was saying:

"The very best fellow in the world—barring you. You need not be afraid, old chap, your place is not going to be usurped. But Laurence Dane is such a good sort—you'd like him yourself, I know, and hope you'll meet him some day at ours. He's one of those all-round good fellows, who play cricket, polo racquets, better than any one else, and always have a nag to win a race. Besides which he's so honest, so true, so fond of us all; he's always in and out of our house, and we try to make it a home to him."

"I love him!" whispered my goddaughter ardently in my ear.

She had clambered on to my knee, and her arms, thrown impulsively round my neck, prevented my seeing that Mrs. Anstruther had risen, and was standing close beside me.

"I am sorry to break into George's panegyrics. You may remember how absolutely enthusiastic he always is in his praises—yours have been sung to me very many times, but I am really a little tired, and if you will allow me—"

I sprang up, and, lifting the curtain that hung over the entrance of the tent, called for her waiting woman to attend her, hinting that to let me know if everything in their encampment was not exactly as she wished.

She did look very tired; but after she had gone and I was no longer under the influence of the strong attraction she possessed for me, I asked myself why she had so suddenly discovered what I had seen at once, and then she had practically denied. Was it the conversation that had displeased her? and did she share with many of her sex a foible of which I had often heard? Was she jealous of her husband's acquaintances? Was she jealous of me or of Dane? It was of him that George was speaking when she rose. Is that as it might, there had been undoubtedly a jarred, even vexed, tone in her soft voice, and I felt half angry with my old friend for having caused it. The feeling wore away as we talked, and I recognized in him traits almost forgotten, indisputable signs of a character exceptionally high-minded and noble; for his carelessness never degenerated into neglect of duty, nor did his cheerlessness denote a lack of sympathy with the troubles of others. He was singularly unselfish and generous to a fault. Beautiful as Mrs. Anstruther was, and good, as judging from her countenance, she must be, no one could have wished her a better husband than the one that by happy fortune she had secured.

Chatting of old times, the hours flew swifter than we knew; and we were surprised to see how late it was when Mrs. Anstruther returned, attired in a loose artistic gown of crimson plush and professing herself famished with hunger.

The rest had evidently done her good; her eyes indeed were feverishly bright, and there were two pink spots on either cheek that I thought looked suspiciously like rouge, but might have been from excitement or even a reflection of the rich color in which she was clothed.

Dinner passed off well. George was always good company, and his wife had apparently recovered from her fit of depression—or had it only been intense fatigue?—and talked charmingly, even brilliantly, of what most interested me—literature and art.

Of society I knew nothing, as perhaps she guessed; for with delicate tact she always turned the conversation when her husband spoke of any one they had lately met, or alluded to the life they had been leading the last few years. That it had been a gay one I soon gathered, and could well believe that the lovely woman who sat at my table and trifled daintily with the food before her had played in it no subordinate part. It was impossible she could be overlooked, impossible she should not be aware of her own marvellous charms; and yet once or twice I fancied I detected signs of a strange and incongruous humility. It seemed as though she were trying to conciliate me, who was only too eager to be pleased; her husband, who evidently worshipped her, kept glancing my way to see if I shared his enthusiastic admiration of her wit and beauty. He must have been satisfied with what he read in my expression, for, indeed, I thought I had never seen any one so lovable, so sweet, at the same time so fascinating, for I think perhaps the last adjective is not always quite compatible with the first two.

The gayety of her spirits had infected us, and when we adjourned to the tent I had constituted sitting-room, a merrier trio could not have been found; yet once or twice—I watched her so closely, not with any thought of surveillance, but literally because my eyes could not leave her face—I thought I noticed a strained look in her eyes, an expectant turn of her head toward the door, which might have been explained by a casual observation from George that they hoped to get a telegram that evening from the man that they had left in charge of Laurence Dane. But afterward, when Beryl came in to say good-night, the passionate fondness with which Mrs. Anstruther caught her and strained her to her breast, seemed an equally reasonable excuse for her restlessness; for, now that the child was in her arms, she was quieter and more composed, presently dropping out of the conversation altogether.

Ten minutes had gone by, when I was seized by an inexplicable conviction that something strange was happening near me. At intervals I had heard Beryl's voice conversing in an undertone with her mother, but now she was speaking out aloud, and, looking around, I saw that she had slipped off Mrs. Anstruther's knee and had wandered over to the other end of the tent, where it was in shadow; the light of the lamp, chastened by draperies of rose and white, had not reached so far.

There she stood, her face upturned so that the loose, flaxen hair fell from it like an aureole of light; her eyes big with an intense surprise, an awe that she herself did not understand, but that kept the smiles from her usually laughing lips and made her voice tremble as she repeated gravely:

"I am very glad you have come. Are you better now?"

Only silence in reply; and as I leant forward, trying to pierce the darkness beyond, I could see no one to whom her question might have been addressed.

No one. But even as I said so to myself, before my eyes there floated, or seemed to float, a subtle presence—something intangible as air, almost as formless; and yet from that moment I was certain that we were no longer only four in the tent, but five, and the fifth—

I turned hurriedly to see the effect of this strange visitation or hallucination upon my companions, and naturally my gaze fell on the woman who had so deeply interested me from the first. She was intensely still—not a breath seemed to move her bosom, not a sound fell from her parted lips, and the light from a near lamp, failing athwart her face and dividing it as with a sword of fire must have revealed the slightest tremor. Over her mouth and finely molded chin the rich color lay like flame; but her eyes were in deep shadow, though somehow I know—guessed from her attitude as she sat rigidly upright, both hands tightly clasping the arms of her low chair—that all her soul was in them; that, unknowingly then and for done a moment before, she was straining her sight to solve the mystery in that dark corner near the door.

Slowly I turned to her husband. Strangely enough, he had not glanced in her direction, he had been engaged in relighting his cigar, which, in the heat of a discussion we had had a moment—or was it a year?—ago, had gone out.

But when Beryl spoke again his attention was also arrested, and all three sat staring at the child, as, moving a little further away from us, she said pathetically, "I have been waiting, Mr. Dane! O, I wish you would not go!" then turned, her little arms outstretched in heart-breaking distress, her puckered face foreshadowing the outburst of childish grief. "O, mother, he is not there! He has gone!"

Still Mrs. Anstruther never moved. It was George who came forward, and taking his daughter in his arms, strove earnestly to comfort her, and, his voice shaking a little, endeavored to explain the circumstance to me.

"They have second sight in my wife's family, and this poor mite has inherited it, I suppose. Always when a death occurs in the family, the child was warned of it by a supernatural appearance. But why—"

He stopped short. The suspicion that was only forming in his mind was, however, written clearly and concisely in mine.

"Why had the spirit of Laurence Dane appeared here, unless, unless—"

It was a subject for broken sentences. Even I dared not follow the writing to the end.

I stood up and tried to speak of something, of anything that would banish this sense of tragedy from our midst, but even as I struggled to make an ordinary remark Anstruther's servant came in with a telegram, which he handed to his master.

Hastily it was torn open, then allowed to flutter to the ground.

"It is as I feared. Laurence Dane is dead, Nora."

There was no reply. To Mrs. Anstruther had mercifully come a momentary respite from her anguish. She had fallen forward from her chair in a dead faint, and over her prostrate body her little child bent and wept bitterly.

There was never any scandal, no disgraceful denouement in the divorce court; only after that night George Anstruther never looked on the face of his beautiful wife again.

By the dead she had been condemned, and had attempted to urge nothing in her own defense. Perhaps it was a relief to one so true a husband she had continued to love, or for whom she had never cared; in either case she meekly acquiesced in his decision, that henceforth they must live apart. The child was left with her, so that no opprobrium ever rested on her name; and poor George died too soon (he was killed out tiger shooting with no through a daring, a most daring effort to save a fellow-sportsman) for there to have seemed anything suspicious in the circumstances of her sudden home going.

She has not married again. I often wonder whether it is from a feeling of latent loyalty to her husband—the husband she knew, that woman ever won—or from faithfulness to the lover to whom she sacrificed her fair fame and all that should have been most dear.—*London World.*

A Good Reason.

Faith curist—Why don't they try the faith cure on the German Emperor?

Skeptic—I suppose the principal objection is that where the faith cure is tried the funeral follows so quickly after the complete recovery.

One Consolation.

"Sad affair, this," said Wiggins, looking up from his paper—"a miner blown to atoms by dynamite; not a trace of him left."

"Sad indeed," returned Bobley. "But his family will have one consolation at least. They won't have to pay a hundred dollars for a fifteen-dollar coffin."

Papa (severely)—Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?

Three-year-old—Yes, sir.

Papa—Be careful now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her, I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma?

Three-year-old—Truly, papa I asked her.—A pause.—She said I couldn't have it.

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OUR STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER ULSTERS—Is the most beautiful variety that we have ever shown. It is also the largest in Toronto, if not in Canada. All the latest fashions in Box Cloths and Tweed are here; Plain Cloths, Checks and Stripes. Paletots with one cape, two capes and three capes. Paletots and Dolmans with hoods. Paletots and Dolmans with both capes and hoods. Box Cloth Ulsters with beautifully braided capes and cuffs. These wraps are admitted by all to be the most dressy, graceful things that have ever come into our city, and are being sold for $6.50 upwards.

DRESS ULSTERS, HANDSOMELY FINISHED AND BRAIDED—Of this lot were the 450 too many. They are more finely finished and more heavily braided than the former ones. We were at first undecided about returning them to Europe, but our Manager has received unreserved orders to close them out at 25 per cent. discount. The regular prices were from $13.50 to $35. At 25 per cent. discount the opportunities are obvious.

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She Didn't Need a Clock.

Mrs. Yerger—That's a very handsome clock you have there on the mantel-piece.

Mrs. Peterby—Yes, it keeps very good time, too. It is very useful during the day.

"I should think it would be still more useful during the night. You can tell then at what hour your husband comes home."

"I don't need any clock for that purpose."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see if he bangs the front door and makes a great deal of noise I know then that it is quite early. If he does not make much noise, is very pleasant in his talk, and says 'good evening,' then I know that it is late. If he takes off his boots, and goes to bed without lighting the gas, then I am sure it is about three o'clock in the morning. As I said, the clock is quite convenient during the day, but I really don't need one at night."

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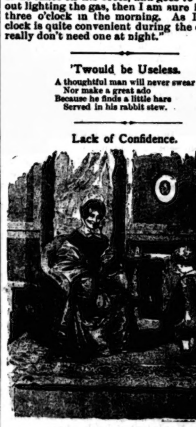
'Twould be Useless.

A thoughtful man will never swear
Nor make a great ado
Because he finds a little hare
Served in his rabbit stew.

Lack of Confidence.



Aunt to little Freddy whose mother has just left the room—Freddy, dear, please get me a footstool.

Freddy (reluctantly)—If I leave you, Auntie, you will be all alone with the cake.

Unknown to Fortune.

Clara—That fellow Smith is very fascinating in his manners.

Louise—Yes, and elegantly educated.

Clara—So cultured, too. He speaks several languages.

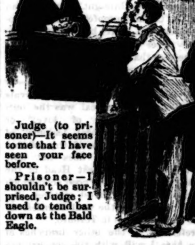
Louise—Yes, he is a Harvard graduate. And so thoroughly honorable.

Clara—Integrity itself. He sketches magnificently.

Louise—What a pity he is not a gentleman.

Clara—It is a shame!

Where They Had Met.



Judge (to prisoner)—It seems to me that I have seen your face before.

Prisoner—I shouldn't be surprised, Judge; I used to tend bar down at the Bald Eagle.

Tempered With Mercy.

The Art Critic scored in the New York Gallery of the National Acac'emy of Design, and told his friend about the pictures.

"Now, here," he said: "here's this 'Sunset near Quahaug,' of young Bichimen's. Now, that's a disgrree to the exhibit on. No tone—no feeling—no quality—and the drawing makes me weep. If ever a picture deserved a dressing-down—"

Just here the clerk came along and stuck a "sold" card in the frame.

"But I'm not going to say so in the paper," the Art Critic concluded: "There's no use in discouraging a hard-working fellow like Bichimen, and he's got a mother to support."

An Art Secret.

"I don't see how you can afford to sell that picture so cheap, if it's a genuine Meissonier," said Mr. Gorham Ware to Mr. Ellenstein, the celebrated art-dealer.

"Vell, I tell you how it vos. Dot vos a leetle t'ing he painted for Katzenmayer, my partner in Paris. Dem artists," explained Mr. Ellenstein, with a confidential wink, "dey get a leetle behinthaend mit deir naint un'oil billes, un' Katzenmayer he say: 'Gif us some leetle drifle, Mr. Meissonier, un' we gall it sqvare.' I sell you dot bicture for hundred fifty dollars right now, uf you vant him!"

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never felt better in my life than now, and recommend it as a safe, sure builder.
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By Ganz, in F and A flat
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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I] TORONTO, MAY 12, 1888. [NO. 24

To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

Archæological Research.

Canadians are being invited to subscribe to a fund for pursing the work of archæological exploration in Egypt. Important results in that direction have already been achieved in the discovery of ancient statuary and other relics of the long-buried past tending to throw considerable light upon Egyptian history. The work is one which may very well enlist the zeal and resources of the scientists of the Old World and doubtless ample means will be forthcoming for its prosecution. But considering how little has as yet been done in the way of archæological research in Canada and the preservation and classification of Indian antiquities it would seem that those Canadians who have the means and the disposition to pursue or aid this branch of scientific investigation ought to look at home before sending their funds to prosecute explorations abroad.

It is not creditable to the public spirit and scientific enterprise of our people that more has not been accomplished in perfecting our knowledge of the aboriginal races by securing the relics of the vanished tribes so thickly scattered in old Indian burying grounds throughout the country. Of late indeed some interest has been awakened in the subject and systematic and successful efforts—on a somewhat limited scale—have been made under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of this city, to collect and classify Indian remains. The interesting and comprehensive report lately issued by the Institute enters very elaborately into this phase of their work and shows what has already been accomplished even with the scanty means at their disposal. As yet it is but a beginning however. While such a field for scientific research in our own country remains unexplored it is rather too much to ask that comparatively small portion of the public that is able and willing to aid in the work of archæological investigation, to contribute to Egyptian explorations. In all such matters our own country has the first claim. If anything is to be done in this direction the hands of the Canadian Institute should be strengthened and the useful work they are engaged in sustained.

Read Canadian Books.

The long but interesting controversy recently waged in the press on the subject of Canadian literature ought to bear some practical result. There is only one criterion of literary merit after all, and that is the acceptance of a work by the public. They are the final arbiters who silently decree enduring fame or oblivion to the writer. Many of our authors can hardly have been said to have been judged by the public, simply because they have not been read. There are a great many intelligent and otherwise well-read people, who profess to be patriotically concerned about the future of the Dominion yet who have never taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the works of our native writers. They have diligently read all the English and American classics—and a great deal in addition that is by no means classic—but have never even spent half an hour over Mair's "Tecumseth," Mrs. Curzon's "Laura Secord," or the poems of Alexander McLachlan. Possibly none of these or others that are just as worthy of being named might be exactly to their taste. That, however, is not the question. All we urge is that before dogmatically pronouncing upon the matter of Canadian literature, every Canadian should at least take the trouble to examine for himself the writings of our own countrymen and countrywomen at least as carefully and candidly as he would a new poem by Tennyson or the latest novel by Stevenson or Haggard. People read the new books issued in London or New York by writers of note not necessarily because they admire or appreciate them, but from a sense of duty or a desire to keep up with the times and be in a position to pass an intelligent judgment on literary affairs. We wish to avoid the mistake into which some enthusiasts on the subject have fallen of overpraising native productions. But as yet a final decision on the question, "Have we a literature?" is premature, simply because the public, to which that literature will owe what measure of permanent appreciation is in store for it, are largely ignorant of its merits.

Why should not the University stimulate the interest in our native literature by putting the works of some of our leading authors on the curriculum? Surely there a place might be found for the study of a Canadian writer or two without unduly trenching upon the field assigned to English literature.

The Tone of Political Life.

Every close observer of public life must have been struck with the marked improvement in the tone of political controversy of late years. A short time since Canadian politics were a by-word by reason of the savagery and coarseness of the attacks and recriminations constantly made in the course of party warfare. Our politicians assailed each other like pick-pockets on the stump, and on the floor of the House, and not infrequently the animosities of the political arena were carried into private life. Latterly, however, this state of affairs has been changing for the better. The party press, it is true, is still much more rancorous and bitter than it need be. Editors too often forget that it does not in the least strengthen their case or advance the cause they profess to have at heart to assail the motives of their opponents and denounce all who differ from them as miscreants and traitors. But even in this quarter there is a notable improvement, and there is much less abuse and scurrility than formerly. It is in connection with the personal bearing of political opponents towards each other, and the tone of parliamentary debate, however, that the greatest alteration for the better is discernible. The old hectoring, blustering, slang-whanging style of controversy is going out of fashion. We have an occasional specimen of it now and then, of course; but it is no longer the ordinary, every-day feature of parliamentary controversy, nor is it to any extent indulged in by the party leaders or the more responsible class of politicians. The social amenities supposed to govern the intercourse of gentlemen in private life are much more respected than they were half a dozen years ago. The whole tone of our politics is quieter and more in accordance with a high social ideal and the standards of public life which prevail in other civilized countries.

This is a good and hopeful sign for the future, which has hardly attracted as much attention as it should. The change is largely due to the modifying influences of social life and the advances which have lately been made in all our large centers towards a higher culture. There is a tendency to deride or ignore the social influences of the capital, but those who desire the reformation of our politics and the elimination of the cruder characteristics natural to the earlier stages of development of a young country must admit that in this respect at least the influence of society upon public life has been productive of much benefit.

Our Little Dick.

(School teachers, please copy.)

For Saturday Night.

I aren't no skollard, sir, miself, but them as knose do say
Our eddycashun sistem is the finest knone to-day;
An' ms, an' my old wummin thort as 'ow lukky 'twos for Dick
To larn to rite like copp'r-plete, an' awaller rethmetick.

Ah! wot a clever chap 'ee wos, that little lad o' ours;
Wy! larnin' seemed 'a nert to 'im, 'ee'd sich huncommon powers,
Lawks! 'ow 'ee rattl'd orf 'is sums—main prowd was I, and glad
To see 'im nock the spots orf me, 'is pore old Hinglish dad.

'Is teechurs they was prowd o' 'im—they swared 'ee'd some day be
A horniment to hall the frends of sich'n a projidy!
An' so they cram'd 'is nites w' tasks, an' more ven them you see
Ah! surely it wos kind o' them to 'elp a pore man's son.

An' bi-an'-bi they rush'd 'im thro' them 'igh-flone classick wurks
Wot tells of Joolyus Seezer's fites, as welted 'eathin Turks,
Corneelyus Nippers—Verjil—an' 'is nibs, old Tashytuss,
An' Neerow, an' a 'ost besides, wot hacted skandylus.

Sometimes my missus thort as Dick wur lookin' summat pale,
An' sed 'is 'eltby happytite 'ad some'ow seemed to fale;
It bother'd 'er to see our lad gro' thinner bit by bit,
An' fele 'is 'ed as 'ot as fire, an' skin fit ter splitt.

But them kind teechurs left at 'er an' sed as 'ow that they
Must 'ave 'im studdy on until hexaminashun day;
An' sed as 'elthy, wel-grone lads was sekond in *thare* heyes,
To pall-fased stoodyus chaps like Dick, wot took th' 'ighest prise.

Summow 'ee kep on lookin' strength, an' turn'd so downrite hill
We 'ad to keep 'im hin 'is bed—ware o' corse 'ee studid still;
An' them teechurs sed, unannymus, ee'd a bin 'is cuntry's pride
If brane fever 'adn't takk'd 'im three days before 'ee dide.

H. K. COCKIN.

A Wolf's Endurance.

Three large wolves having made havoc among the train dogs of a party of fur hunters, a price was set upon their heads. An old, experienced wolf is not easy to catch; indeed, he shows great cunning in avoiding all traps set for him. But an old Canadian, hoping to gain the reward, set some spring traps, which he fastened by a chain to a large piece of wood.

A terrible storm kept the old trapper at home for three days, but at length he visited his traps, and found one wolf caught and dead. The second trap had been set off without catching its prey, while the third trap had disappeared. After long and vain searching the old Canadian gave up all hope of discovering his lost trap, and solaced himself by having gained one prize for the one wolf he had snared.

A month afterwards the people of Green Lake, about ninety miles distant from the spot where the traps had been set, saw a wolf walking on one of their lakes appearently with much difficulty. It was pursued and killed, and then discovered to be the very wolf which had stolen the trap, for the cumbrous steel was still attached to his leg.

The wretched animal must have suffered much as he wandered through the forest for a whole month, dragging the heavy trap in the midst of the most intense cold. He was reduced to a mere skeleton from hunger, and this strange occurrence proves a tenacity of life in the wolf difficult to understand.

Rules of Courtship.

Don't disagree with the girl's father in politics, or her mother in religion.

If you have a rival keep an eye on him; if he is a widower, keep two eyes on him.

Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you may hear it read in after years.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening.

If on the occasion of your first call she looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early, and stay away some time.

In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you.

Methodism in Toronto.

BY REV. JOHN HUNT.

RETROSPECTIVE.

II.

I have seen the statement somewhere, that the conversion of all the inhabitants of London, Eng., to pure, vital godliness, would be, not only the removal of the greatest barrier to the conversion of the world, but it would be the actual dawn of the millennial age upon the peoples, its inhabitants. Little York at the time referred to, was rapidly becoming the chief center of influence, both ministerial and lay, for the Methodist Church. It was here that the great battles were to be fought, and victories gained, for both religious and civil liberty, against a powerful monopoly, by the adherents of Methodism. We, who live under a clearer sky, having entered upon their labors, can never properly estimate the debt of gratitude we owe to them. As assumed in the above reference to the conversion of London, so it became literally in so far as Upper Canada was concerned, as to the influence going out from this center. And still the wavelets are rolling on, nor will they cease "until they join with the many waters on the far off shores of the coming eternity."

It was in the year 1828 that Methodism was made an independent church, still to retain some of the Episcopal forms of church government. Rev. Wm. Case was appointed Chief Superintendent pro tem. The same year a committee was appointed to "correspond with the British Conference, in order to establish a friendly relation and intercourse between the two connexions." In 1829 the publication of the *Christian Guardian* was commenced, Egerton Ryerson, editor. The stock was divided into 100 shares of $20 each, half to be paid immediately, the balance on the call of the committee of management. The same year a Sunday School Union was organized. The Methodists thus began early to care for the young. In 1830 a Constitution for the Upper Canada Academy was adopted, and steps taken to procure funds for the erection of a suitable building. This culminated in the now well-known University of Victoria College. In 1831 each minister was requested to appropriate his marriage fees toward the erection of the academy. In 1832 proposals were made, and a delegation sent to England, which resulted in a union with British Methodism the year following. Rev. George Marsden was sent as the first English president of Conference. This Conference was held in the town of York in October, 1833. As this was the chief center of influence in those days—and which still continues, and may it increase yet more and more—all those circumstances were of no small consideration to the Methodism of this town. Muddy Little York was speedily to be proclaimed a city, with the more euphonious name—Toronto. A new church had been projected; in fact, had become a necessity. A new site was procured on Newgate—now Adelaide street—nearly opposite the present post office. This was ready for occupancy in 1833. The Rev. Alexander Irvine was the stationed minister. He was the last minister of the Old Frame Meeting House and the first in the new church on Newgate street. This was a commodious and substantial brick edifice, which the congregation occupied for many years. They afterward removed to Magill square, the beautiful site of the present Metropolitan. Many scenes of vast interest occurred in connection with the Newgate subsequently Adelaide street Church, making history for Methodism here. Some of those may furnish for us a pleasant and not altogether unprofitable review. The seven years immediately following this union were years of controversy, both in the church and in politics. The insurrection of 1837 stirred the whole country, and especially the city, to its utmost depths. Jealousies among the existing bodies of Methodists were not favorable to religious prosperity. The union between the two conferences was again dissolved in 1840. This was followed by another seven years of strife and local rivalry. Albeit this state of things could not promote, but rather retard the progress of religious principles, yet the natural growth of the city led to a large increase of membership and influence in the Methodist churches of Toronto. In the year 1847 another union was brought about between the British and Canadian conferences of Methodists. This was on a better basis than before, and I have never heard that either party regretted the step that made them one. During those years, a more than ordinary degree of activity prevailed in the Methodist Churches of the city. Revivalists were employed. Revivals also came. Whether this zeal was the outcome of a "pure flame of love," or partially mingled with local jealousy of churches of other branches of the Methodist family, this deponent does not now undertake to decide. The Great Head of the Church has often overruled for good acts, which did not spring from the purest motives. So, let us hope, it was in the zeal manifest by Methodists of those times in Toronto.

Before referring to the other branches of Methodism here, I will, with the concurrence of SATURDAY NIGHT, attempt to rescue from oblivion some circumstances which may serve to illustrate the character and position of the men concerned.

Certain questions, vital to the prosperity of the country, were then unsettled. Such were the Clergy Reserve question, and also the Provincial University. These subjects were closely allied to the party politics of the day. The editor of the *Christian Guardian* took strong ground, and wielded a vigorous pen on those subjects. This was too much political for a religious publication in the estimation of some members of the church. Or, I might put it this way, it was perhaps too much unlike what their own political creed would have dictated. A manifesto was prepared remonstrating with the editor on his prostitution of the *Guardian* to political partisanship, and, I think, calling upon him to recall some things he had said. This document was signed by forty men, many of them officials and leading men in Adelaide street Church. It was taken to the editor for insertion in the *Guardian*. He declined to insert it, and after repeated conversations, during which the editor firmly maintained his former decision, the manifesto was taken to the *Herald*, then published by Messrs. Rogers & Thompson. And, by the way, the *Toronto Herald*—I say this with a feeling reverse of disparagement—was a medium through which many such manifestos saw the light. These men went in a body out of Adelaide street Church, and connected themselves with other branches of the Methodist family. They were known by the cognomen of The Forty Thieves, no doubt suggested by the story in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. This occurred well-nigh half a century ago, and I do not know of more than one of those who is still living. This was doubtless a severe blow, but there was a vital power in the church which could not be paralyzed by strokes even more heavy than this.

Another circumstance occurred in 1836 which led to the secession of certain leading men. In 1834 the Rev. Mr. Caird, an evangelist of the Apostolic Church, or, as they were better known by the name "Irvingites," first visited Toronto. He remained but a short time, but returned in 1836, speedily followed by others. Adelaide street Methodist church was opened for this gentleman and his associates to preach in. They continued to occupy it for some time. At first they were, I think, allowed to preach at the hours of regular service, and afterwards on the Sunday afternoon. After this continued for some time the ideas seemed to crop up that they had some sort of right to a place there. The peculiarities of the new denomination began to appear. Among other strange things, the jargon of speaking in unknown tongues was practiced. And when the authorities of the church desired them to leave, they did not go alone. Some men of influence went wi h them. Rev. George Ryerson, the eldest of the Ryerson brothers, was the first native "angel" of the church. Mr. William Patrick, an exceedingly amiable and respectable gentleman, as well as others, were led away from Methodism, and became chief men among the "Irvingites."

In those days also, as at present, it was not uncommon to import noted revivalists from the United States. Some of those were possessed of great ability, and were men of mighty power. In not a few cases crowds of people were attracted, equal in proportion to the number of inhabitants, to those brought together by Sam Jones, or any other modern evangelist. Among others I mention Rev. John N. Maffit, who conducted revival services for several weeks in Adelaide street Church. No one could conduct himself as a Christian gentleman better than Mr. Maffit, and I would fain believe, notwithstanding some escapades in his life, that he was, at least while here, all that is embodied in that character. He was chaplain for some years to the United States Congress, and it is said exerted much influence in the city of Washington. His preaching was singularly attractive and beautiful. His zeal seemed to be like a consuming fire. His influence with young people was very great, and many were led by him to the altar for prayers. Several hundreds joined the church. I cannot say if any remain in the city at present who then became members of the church. An incident occurred which greatly shocked the more sedate and older members of the church just before Mr. Maffit left. The young people who had been benefited by his labors desired to present him some testimonial of their esteem. A social tea was arranged in the lecture-room, a considerable amount of money was to be presented to him at its close. When Mr. Maffitt was called forward, stepping lightly up to the table where piles of silver were laid, he threw his arm around it, and with one swoop drew it toward himself, exclaiming, "Hallelujah! give us the money." Poor Maffit! How attractive the man! How chequered the scenes of his life! How deeply penitent and sad were many of his last days! Let us hope for the best, as those did who were with him, after the dark clouds had passed away, and the sunlight was bright and beautiful in the western horizon! He found a grave, not unwept, on the banks of the Mississippi in the far off but sunny clime of Arkansas!

My next will refer to the other branches of the Methodist family in Toronto.

(To be Continued.)

Trinity Talk.

During the present year I have heard many rumors about the proposed additions to the present College buildings; the favorite idea seems to be that a top flat will be added during the coming long vacation. This rumor, at any rate, I can contradict upon the best of authorities, so that whatever alterations appear by next October, Trinity will be no "higher" than heretofore. I believe, however, that things are being pushed forward, and that before many terms have passed over us the present buildings will be considerably enlarged and added to.

Rev. P. T. Mignot (Colbeck) was in college this week. C. J. Loewen, '87, also showed up in the old corridor.

Trinity beat Parkdale (baseball) after a good game on Saturday, by several runs.

Students who intend writing on the Arts examinations this June, must give notice to the Dean before May 19th. Forms of notice may be had on application to the Dean.

The final competition for the divinity class reading prizes came off this week, and the following day the results were posted up as follows:—1st, E. C. Cayley, B. A.; 2nd, T. T. Norgate; 3rd, G. Bousfield, and F. C. Powell, aeq. Extra prize by Prof. Roper, J. W. Blackler.

H. O. Tremayne, B.A., H. H. Johnston, G. Bousfield and F. D. Woodcock leave this week for Brockville, where, at Holy Trinity Church on Sunday morning the Lord Bishop of Ontario will ordain them to the diaconate.

It is hoped that the Provost will be well enough to preach the ordination sermon.

Rev. Prof. Clark preached at St. Stephen's on Wednesday night.

The last of the course of elocution lectures will be delivered on Tuesday next, I believe. Requiescant in pace.

OMEGA.

On Divers Strings.

Dalton's Trust.

Out through bonnie Wensleydale Rupert's summons rung;
Nortons, Scropes and Powletts to the winds their banners flung;
Daltons, Marmions and Fitzhughs swift to the challenge sprung.

Masham, Marske and Middleham sent their tale of men;
Thoresby, Hawes and Jedburgh rose to battle then;
Wensleydale called soldiers out, well-told hundreds ten.

On to fatal Marston Moor, for Church and King and Crown!
They marched by Tanfield's towers so gray, they marched by Norlaze down;
And the minster bells rang merrily as they passed through Ripon town.

"Great our King and true our cause," Mabel Mowbray said,
"Yet t.y all of hope and joy rests on my father's head.
What were Church and throne to me, if his life were sped?"

Dalton's boy had lingered there for a parting word;
Vassals owned his brothers' rule—his naught but steed and sword;
Yet gay and gallant as the best, young Frank of Slenington.

"Trust me for him, lady mine, trust him all to me.
Heart is stout and hand is strong; spent they both shall be
Ere the Mowbray's good gray head down 'mid the spears I see."

By the flashing waves of Ure youth and maiden stood;
Soft his wooing whisper blent with the murmuring flood;
Round them both the morning sun glowed from Hackfall wood.

"Mabel, one word ere I go." The maiden smiled and blushed;
The sweet lips moved; the lover's heart leapt to her low "I trust."
The charger wheeled; the long white plume was lost in clouds of dust.

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Sullen to the northern sea swept the reddened Ouse,
When the sun had set in clouds, content such sight to lose—
Royalty to people's rights had paid its deadly dues.

'Neath an old ancestral oak leaned the maiden wearily;
Up the Ure the slow mist crept, wreathing chill and eerily;
Down the vale from Jervaulx pile clang of bells came drearily.

Suddenly she raised her head, sound of hoofs to heed;
Tramp of horses, hardly pressed, groaned in desperate speed;
Every stroke rang keen and clear, like cry of bitter need.

Clattering down the winding hill on two horsemen rode;
The crimson Mowbray cognizance o'er old Sir Hubert flowed;
Broken and stained, his comrade's helm a snowy feather showed.

"He has brought thee back thy father, wench; the lad would have his way—
Else had I died 'mid England's best, nor mourned this fatal day.
He took a pikeman's thrust for me—What, Frank! hold up, I say!"

One flashing smile, one whispered phrase—"My trust redeemed" the sound;
One kiss on the white hand that strove to stanch the gushing wound—
'Tis but her gallant lover's corpse upon the blood-stained ground.

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Old names decay; old stories die, as names and stories must;
But still the Dalton faith is known as steadfast, true, and just;
Still old men show that oak, and tell the tale of "Dalton's trust."

ARCTURUS.

Teutonic Astronomy.

Off all der mosht voolishest notions
I ever was hear all der vile,
Vas von vas a veller vas lemachin'—
I dinks id vould make a mule shmile.

He gome here lasht week mit a legture—
A gind off resbegdable dramp—
Und said dot der vorlt vas an orange,
Ven svung mit a shtring roundt a lamp;

Dot it sort off durned right side mit care up,
Und der under side over ad nighdt;
Id vas held all der dime py der air up,
Ven der sun goes avay mit his lighdt—

No, dot ain't id, elder—he dell us
Dot der sun didn't mofe, but shtood shtill,
Vy, I see him mienself efery morning
Glimb oder der prove off der hill!

Der volks sot and listened, astonished
Ven I rose and said: "Mishter, look here!
Dish' mighdt been gans recht vat you mentioned,
But mein cracious! id seems mighdy queer.

"Mighdt I ask you yust von leedle question?"
"Oh, yaw! doo or dree, auf you blease;
Auf you don't got my mannin gulte sudden,
I'll cablain it mit slower degrees."

"You said dot der globe kep a-durnin',
Ash der lighdt und dor dark drawl roundt,
Mit der sun like a lamp-shinney burnin';
Vell, now, auf dot breachin' be sounds,

"Ven her top-side gits roundt to der pottom,
In der nighdt ven der volks been in ped,
Auf a man vas to git up at midnigh-ts,
Vy didn't he shtand on his head?"

Dot shtumped him—he didn't could answer:
He shtammered and durned bale und red:
Und der poys shtamped und yelled, "Goot fur Schnitz!
Vy don't he shtand on his head?"

Der Professor ad lasht said, "Addraction
Voud geep eferydings yust in its blace."
Bud der scene dot dranspired soon alder
Broved dot couldn't been always der gase.

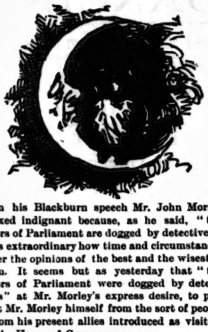
Fur der poys make a rush fur der blatform;
Und scarcely dey got dere pefore
Zome hovervol unseen insensive
Addracted him sun py her door.

Ve shmashed all his grasy like fixin's
Rebresentin' der blanets und stars,
To brevent him misleadin' der bublic
Ven he goes some blace else in der cars.

Der moshdt augspeiakt man in der country—
He vas lucky to git ade to pod
Mitout brovin' an "awful example"
By being shtood right on his head!

PHILLIP THOMPSON.

Here and There.



In his Blackburn speech Mr. John Morley waxed indignant because, as he said, "the doors of Parliament are dogged by detectives." It is extraordinary how time and circumstances alter the opinions of the best and the wisest of men. It seems but as yesterday that "the doors of Parliament were dogged by detectives" at Mr. Morley's express desire, to protect Mr. Morley himself from the sort of people whom his present allies introduced as visitors to the House of Commons.

* * *

Senator Alexander is on the war path once more, and an unoffending public has taken to the woods until the senatorial weather clears. Those who are desirous of abolishing the Senate—and their name is legion—have no stronger ally than this foolish old man, whose periodical outbursts of spleen serve only to excite ridicule against himself and a feeling akin to contempt for that House of which Senator Alexander is a somewhat erratic member.

* * *

Yet every man is born for a purpose, and Senator Alexander, doubtless, fills his own particular niche with satisfaction to himself and a certain amount of amusement to others. He is no longer young, on the contrary he is now traveling toward the setting sun, and the people of the east, it is understood, are not in tears. It is somewhat easy to understand the worthy Senator's anxiety to save his bleeding country. Every student of history knows that the cackling of a goose once saved ancient Rome, and every schoolboy is aware that history is constantly repeating itself.

* * *

But it will require something more than Senator Alexander's malevolence to lessen the esteem in which the Speaker of the Senate is held in Toronto. The latter we know; and, wherever the Hon. G. W. Allan is known he is esteemed and respected. Every club has its bore—the Upper House rejoices in Senator Alexander.

* * *

There are many people in Toronto who read with much interest the report of "A Remarkable Find" last week in one of the evening papers. The concrete evidence of this "find" is a so-called "original portrait of Robert Burns, by Sir Henry Raeburn, worth probably £2,000, found in a Queen street junk shop."

* * *

SATURDAY NIGHT was the recipient of two pages of typewriting in which particulars of this singular affair were given. Feeling much curiosity on the subject, and, under the impression that the matter was one of some interest to the public, the picture, which was on exhibition at the American Vice-Consul's room in the *Mail* building—was subjected to the closest scrutiny. The result of the visit convinces SATURDAY NIGHT that the whole thing is a delusion—an honest delusion, doubtless—but nevertheless a delusion.

* * *

In the first place, anyone knowing anything about Sir Henry Raeburn's style must have some reasonable doubts as to the genuineness of this brand snatched from the junk shop. The great Scotch painter's style was closely modeled on that of Reynolds. He adopted the latter's great principle of making breadth—the effect produced by massing and keeping the lights and shadows as far as possible apart—the leading effect in a picture, and carried out this principle in a manner and with a feeling peculiarly his own, rejecting thick impasto, adopting a low tone and a sharp touch while working the colors with little unctuous admixture.

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The colors of the picture now on view in the *Mail* building are thin and tough-looking, and the flesh color is dead as a wall. In short, it is exactly such an one as may be seen in any ladies' college shortly before commencement day.

* * *

The signature in the corner counts for nothing. British America is no more secure from forgeries of this sort than is Europe.

* * *

Another sinister feature of the case is the fact that Chambers' Encyclopædia, in giving a list of the notable men who sat to Sir Henry, entirely omits the name of Burns. Now, of all men, the great poet was the one in whom the Messrs. Chambers, as publishers, were most interested, and yet in their encyclopedia, amongst the illustrious names of those who sat to Raeburn, the name of Robert Burns is conspicuous by its absence.

* * *

The number of suicides at Monte Carlo, which has averaged 20 a month during the last three months, does not in the slightest degree appear to have affected the popularity of that seductive spot. At the early part of this month the place was fairly overrun with people, and hotel accommodation was still at that late day of the season at a premium. Curiously enough the majority of those who patronize the gambling *salons* at Monaco are mostly Americans, and American women are among the most desperate players at the tables. Still you never hear of an American committing suicide because of his losses. The suicides at Monaco are pretty nearly confined to Italians, Germans and Frenchmen who generally risk their beggarly patrimonies, and when every *sou* has gone adjourn to the woods adjoining the hotel, and then and there shuffle off this mortal coil by the cord, the knife or the pistol.

* * *

Lord and Lady Lansdowne have gone, and the impression left by them is one of friendly regret. Whilst hardly the equal of his gifted predecessor—the brilliant Irishman—in personal magnetism and that nameless charm which wove a subtle spell around everything said or done by Lord Dufferin, yet his Excellency possesses one advantage—people are always impressed with a sense of his evident sincerity. Somehow, with Lord Dufferin, one always had a feeling that whilst his sentences expressed the correct thing exactly, very brilliant, and very pleasant to the ear, they lacked that true ring of sincerity which imparts an honest force to the utterances of every man, regardless of order or degree.

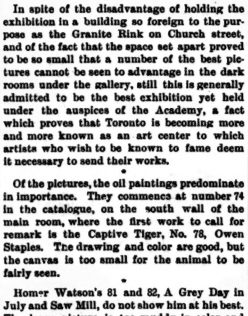
* * *

There is not much probability of his Excellency being in Toronto again. The duties of his office are not overwhelmingly onerous, but, such as they are, they have been discharged with graceful dignity and rare tact. For Lady Lansdowne and himself Canadians have nothing but the kindliest wishes and a hearty God-speed to that land over whose destinies they have been called upon to preside.

* * *

New York club men show no hesitation in expressing the opinion that the Canadian Club is almost *in extremis*. The internal dissensions of the club have assumed proportions which of themselves would be pretty certain to shatter a club of even sturdier proportions than the Canadian. This, added to the lukewarm support accorded by its members, makes the early dissolution a matter of probability. This is to be regretted, for the Canadian Club might have served a purpose, and there is really no cosier club house in New York. ST. GEORGE.

Art and Artists.



In spite of the disadvantage of holding the exhibition in a building so foreign to the purpose as the Granite Rink on Church street, and of the fact that the space set apart proved to be so small that a number of the best pictures cannot be seen to advantage in the dark rooms under the gallery, still this is generally admitted to be the best exhibition yet held under the auspices of the Academy, a fact which proves that Toronto is becoming more and more known as an art center to which artists who wish to be known to fame deem it necessary to send their works.

Of the pictures, the oil paintings predominate in importance. They commence at number 74 in the catalogue, on the south wall of the main room, where the first work to call for remark is the Captive Tiger, No. 78, Owen Staples. The drawing and color are good, but the canvas is too small for the animal to be fairly seen.

*

Homer Watson's 81 and 82, A Grey Day in July and Saw Mill, do not show him at his best. The large picture is too muddy in color and does not compare with his Road Through the Fields (108), or Where the Upland Dips to the Sea (129), this last being one of the most successful sky pictures in the room, a bit of reflection of the sky tints from a rivulet in the foreground being all that is required to make it his best picture.

*

Two Friends (84), by Paul Peel, is a clever little picture, but is eclipsed by his Meadow Lark (159), which is perhaps his best work. His large picture, Father Will Return (129), is much too vast a canvas for the importance of the subject, well drawn and painted as the very uninteresting French woman is. Mr. Peel's pictures are all composed on the same general plan of projecting his figures from a light background of field and sky; this is simple and telling, but becomes monotonous after a while.

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Another figure painter, R. Harris, is seen to good advantage in his small picture, Little Gossips (112), also in Harmony (175); of his larger works he has a strong head in (107) The Serenade, though the hand is suggestive of gout in the wrist. In (120) The Tenor Taking his Top Note, good as the painting is, the subject is too painful for prolonged contemplation.

*

In T. Mower Martin's Anthracite Mts. (111), and its companion picture Castle Mountain (142), we have two breezy out door Rocky Mountain pictures suggestive of the vast spaces of that region, and The Wild Woods of Algoma (138) is a characteristic picture from the same brush, quite Canadian in character, but a work more pleasing to the general public will be the hazy Indian Summer (179). This and The Scare (214), a large picture of foxes cautiously approaching a slain deer, have been crowded out, into the north end room.

*

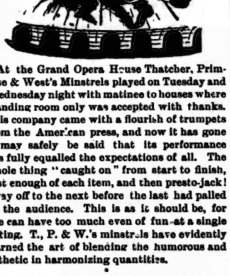
Mr. Matthews has a large, ambitious picture of the Selkirk Mts. in the centre of the west wall—the light is rather trying to this work so that it is not seen to advantage. His Earl's Peak (93) is a finely finished out door study of the same class of scenery as is his Mt. Stephen (105). We think, however, that Mr. Matthews succeeds better in his water colors which we shall notice later on.

*

Mr. G. A. Reid has some strong figure pieces, the principal being Drawing Lots (170), a very effective study of three boys on a wall; the bricks are a little too prominent, but the figure drawing is good, if a little hard and dark for out door effect. Also in Gossip (116) the drawing and relief are good, and the background well and effectively painted, but hard outlines predominate and we miss the softness and rotundity of nature.

*

Of the portraits, R. Sinclair has two good strong heads (122 and 179), evidently direct from nature. J. C. Forbes (151 and 152), A Boy, and a good likeness of Dr. Richardson are his best. J. W. L. Forster has a good portrait (49). A. D. Paterson's (167 and 91) Col. Gzowski and Sir John A. Macdonald are excellent likenesses. W. A. Sherwood has a good head in No. 210. Others pictures worthy of notice are flowers by A. F. W. Hayward; (97, 83 and 181) by E. M. Martin; (96) by M. H. Reid; (79, 105, 103 and 137) Trout, by Shrapnel; (221) Birches, by A. Cox; (185) by L. Tully; (176) Berlin Falls, by M. Hannaford; and (171) Evening, by J. C. Forbes. The water-colors will be noticed next week.



At the Grand Opera House Thatcher, Primrose & West's Minstrels played on Tuesday and Wednesday night with matinee to houses where standing room only was accepted with thanks. This company came with a flourish of trumpets from the American press, and now it has gone it may safely be said that its performance has fully equalled the expectations of all. The whole thing "caught on" from start to finish, just enough of each item, and then presto-jack! away off to the next before the last had palled on the audience. This is as it should be, for one can have too much even of fun—at a single sitting. T., P. & W.'s minstrels have evidently learned the art of blending the humorous and pathetic in harmonizing quantities.

*

George Thatcher is inimitable, and his topical song perfectly irresistible. The benevolent leer which accompanied each of his sallies hit the bull's-eye of popular sympathy at every shot. Thatcher is great, and so seemed to think the stout man in the seat behind mine, who shook like a jelly in incipient apoplexy, so badly were his risibles excited. The interlocutors, W. H. West and Ed Marble, were very good—the latter in a handsome costume *tempus* the Georges, and a bearing to correspond, was strongly suggestive of Carlton House in the days of the Regency. George H. Primrose was very clever in his original specialties, dancing, etc., for which he received a double encore. The fancy drill in the Fireman's Parade was a bit of pretty and effective work which tickled the gods immensely.

*

The Clipper quartette might safely be omitted from the entertainment. It was vulgar, and in marked contrast to the good taste shown in every other part of the programme. Hawkins and Collins afforded much amusement, and it is just possible that their gag, Thar's Your Hat, may become one of the catch cries of the town. A good word also should be said for the tumbling work done by Hi Tom Ward and Eddie Mark, which was a long way over the average of this sort of thing. The Tyrolean Lullaby by Edouard Giguere was very good, and was admirably set off by the ludicrous whimsicalities of Thatcher's interposition.

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Ed. Marble's burlesque on A Dark Secret, where the Volunteer-Thistle race, the Hanlan-Beach race, the trained donkey, etc., are introduced, brought a rattling good night's entertainment to an agreeable close.

*

Black Hawks, which has been running all this week at the Toronto Opera House, is a show of the Buffalo Bill type. The wild spirit of the boundless prairie permeates the whole business, and each tableau is a grand mixture of shooting, slugging, dying groans and triumph for the right. I think the play is supposed to have a plot, for the programme tells us that Tom Slavin is in love with Rachel Levi and that Rachel is in love with Tom, and according to the custom inherited from our antediluvian ancestors, this should bring about a happy climax. But it does not appear in the play, and the interest of the audience is kept up rather by the slaughter of Black Hawks, exhibitions of wonderful marksmanship by Arizona Joe and the sagacious tricks of his trained dogs. Arizona Joe, the Shooting Star, is the brave and handsome gentleman with the fringed hunting shirt, gray sombrero, and the melancholy smile we used to read of in our younger days, concealed from the old man's vigilant eye in the seclusion of a friendly hay mow. The Black Hawks are a band of thieves and ruffians led by Wild Cauliflower. This gang robs a Wells, Fargo & Co's. coach and gets possession of the beautiful female passenger, which act results in their extermination root and branch by that sad-eyed shooter—Arizona Joe. This gentleman's shooting is worthy of mention as an exhibition of skill in that line, but his voice is not suited for the stage. A great deal of merriment was caused by the low comedy of Mott & Saunders. Those who like the gory in drama will be abundantly supplied with it in this play of Black Hawks.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Mr. F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, has written a burlesque, entitled Airey Annie, which is said to be very funny. Of it Mr. Labouchere writes: "Its successful pivot, however, its mainstay and starting-point of fun, is the imitation of Mrs. Bernard-Beere by a young actress who has suddenly surprised everybody by her powers of mimicry. How little did Mrs. Bernard-Beere dream that, during a long season at the Haymarket, an unobserved actress among the semi-mute characters was 'taking stock' of the reigning Fedora, watching her movements, listening to her voice, copying her attitudes. The chance has come, and Miss Ayrtoun is able to turn her observation to good account. Women are seldom good mimics, or if they are they do not imitate actresses and their style as well as men do actors and their manner. There are occasional exceptions to this rule. Miss Florence Gerard is an admirable mimic. Her reproductions of Ellen Terry, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. John Wood and others are as near life as imitation can go; but even Miss Gerard would find it difficult to beat Miss Ayrtoun's Bernard-Beere, which has amused no one more than the original of her study." Miss Gerard, of course, is known in this country as Mrs. Henry E. Abbey.

It will not be denied that the success of acting lies in the illusion it creates in the mind of the spectator. When the actor has so far thrown himself into the character he assumes as to make it real and vivid and cause us to lose sight wholly of the impersonator himself, then is histrionic perfection reached in that particular part. Whatever the *role* may be, the first requisite is that the imagination be taken captive. Not only, moreover, should each individual on the stage, to the utmost of his allowed range, prove an illusionist, but also the continuity of the drama under presentation should be preserved as far as possible. Each play is a story told in a life-like manner with all the accessories of realism. Whatever interrupts the onward movement, whatever irrelevancy is thrust upon the attention, by so much detracts from the unity and impressiveness of the effect. Long waits between the acts, the blare of incongruous music, the buzz of conversation, the flitting in and out of the uneasy—or the thirsty—are so many occurrences that mar the impression produced. The dropping of the curtain is of course necessary to conceal the shifting of scenery which, if visible, would be a still more disillusionizing proceeding; but what a relief is experienced when this unavoidable intrusion on the dramatic action is reduced to a minimum. Double and perhaps triple stages will ultimately come into general use—when the theater-going public has become properly educated and clamors for them. Better still, some enterprising manager may devise a circular stage with many compartments, revolved on a turn-table, and containing the property for every leading scene placed in position before the first bell tinkles. But the possibilities of instantaneous change of scene remain yet to be fully developed. It behooves us of the present to lessen, as far as we may, the interruptions imposed by existing and still imperfect arrangements. At least one of them, which is most disillusory, might be abolished by the performers themselves. It may seem hypercritical to object to the formal response of a favored actor to the applause of his audience. To be applauded is unquestionably stimulating, as well as sweet. Not for the world would we have the lookers-on withhold deserved plaudits, for a good actor is apt to become better when duly appreciated. But the highest standard of histrionic art requires that the actor appear unconscious of the ovation. To be now in the midst of a tragic or pathetic scene of intense interest is a grotesque deed, while to come before the curtain imposes the personality of the actor on the thought where his simulated character had taken firm hold. Especially is this sort of thing objectionable when there is a marked contrast between the actual and the feigned personage. However gravely and dignifiedly, in the very inflow of Hamlet, a Booth may nod in recognition of the spectators' enthusiasm, it deprives the play of much of its glamour, while for the personage who has apparently been seriously wounded or slain to present himself at once to the public gaze, alive and well, is an abomination. Nothing could more completely spoil the spell of the piece which is being enacted. This is bad enough at the close of a performance, though perhaps then excusable, but in the heart of it it is unpardonable by the canons of severe dramatic art. The abuse referred to is growing, and it is to be hoped that the better class of the patrons of the theater will rigidly discountenance such a ruination of artistic effect. The motto of both actors and audience in this matter should be: O reform it altogether!

Says a London correspondent of The Theater: It seemed almost impossible to believe, as we took our seats at the Lyceum on Saturday evening, that nearly nine months had elapsed since we bade farewell to Mr. Irving and his company, and wished them "God-speed" on their third American tour. The time for their return, which seemed so long in anticipation, had come round, as it were, in a flash; and here we were once more, amid all the pleasurable excitement of a great occasion at the Lyceum, to welcome home our favorites, and to congratulate them upon their triumphal progress through the cities of the Great Republic. There is something absolutely unique about one of these Lyceum field-nights: a contagion of enthusiasm, a continual ripple of suppressed excitement, an ever-present evidence of that intense sympathy, amounting almost to personal affection, which marks the relations between the hero and the heroine of the Lyceum stage and the public that delights to do them honor. One of the most noticeable points about this typical audience on a red-letter night at Mr. Irving's theater is the unchanging nature of its *personnel*. Not only in stalls and private boxes are the rows of familiar faces to be found that we have seen time and again on similar occasions, but the same muster of faithful *habitues* may be detected in the dress-circle, and even in the circle above the observant in such matters may recognise many an eager face never absent from the first nights, leave-takings, and home-comings of our greatest living actor and his equally popular "partner in greatness." Anything like a complete catalogue of the names prominent in society, art, and literature whose possessors gathered beneath Mr. Irving's roof on Saturday evening would necessarily become wearisome by reason of its length, though the task of recalling the distinguished playgoers who were missing from the scene would be certainly more difficult to accomplish. It was once grimly suggested by some uncomfortably-minded writer, while describing an occasion similar to that of Saturday evening, that if by any disaster a Lyceum first-night audience were destroyed, the nation would be deprived of half its available talent. Judging from the aspect of the densely thronged house on Saturday evening, the ghoulish statement was by no means so gross an exaggeration as would at first sight appear, and, at any rate, it is undeniable that Mr. Irving is able to gather around him, on important occasions, such an assembly of distinguished men and women as, prior to his time, was never known to be collected together within the walls of a theater. That Mr. Irving has contrived to win the leaders of intellect to an appreciative interest in the drama, such as they have never before experienced, is the highest of his many claims to renown; and neither the storm of applause that greeted his appearance, nor the enthusiasm that welled up from time to time until it culminated in an overwhelming roar at the final fall of the curtain, formed so eloquent a tribute to the great actor's genius as the mere aspect of the house, with its serried rows of men and women of "light and leading," that assembled to welcome him home. On occasions such as this, there is a danger that the very warmth of feeling between players and audience may prove detrimental to the more practical business of the evening by tending to set aside, in the excitement of personal greeting and congratulation, the wholesome maxim that "the play's the thing." But, on the part of Mr. Irving's admirably-drilled company, no such relaxation of effort was observable, while as for the principals themselves it is but the barest justice to say that they have never acted better. Miss Ellen Terry, unnerved for a moment by the extreme warmth of her reception, gave to the sorrows of poor, trusting, hapless Margaret a deeper, tenderer note of pathos than of yore, while not only the charm of the earlier scenes, but the passion and despair of Faust's unhappy victim at the close seem to have become strengthened and intensified by time. Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles, while possessing all the grim, sardonic humor of old, is greatly improved by the increased prominence given to the weird and supernatural side of the character, and to the suggestions of the fiend's unearthly power. To his original reading it was objected, not without justice, that the humorous side of the character was emphasized at the expense of its more impressive attributes, but no such objection can be fairly raised to the present rendering. Another performance that has greatly improved is the Faust of Mr. Alexander, whose presentation, always good, is now really excellent, and leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Glenny, in the rather thankless part of Valentine, makes the most of the tragic death scene resulting from his attack upon the guilty Faust. Mrs. Chippendale brings all her humorous power to bear, as before, upon the somewhat tiresome character of the foolish old Martha; and beyond some slight scenic hitch, the entire performance went with a smoothness and finish that proved the company to have already settled down comfortably in its familiar old home. Mr. Irving's speech at the close of the performance, now demanded as a regular portion of the entertainment by audiences on these occasions, only satisfied curiosity to a limited extent, for he refrained from telling us his managerial secrets further than to vouchsafe us the information that *The Amber Heart* and *Robert Macaire* will together constitute the programme on the withdrawal of Faust at the close of its twenty-four nights' run.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

Rev. A. E. Doherty, B. A., has returned to the city after spending a year at North Keppel. He will remain here until permanently settled.

*

Mr. D. C. Hossack, M. A., was granted the standing of a third year student of Knox at the last meeting of the Presbytery.

*

A number of University graduates are now beginning to take the engineering course at the School of Practical Science. Mr. T. R. Roseburgh, B. A., took a high stand in the second year and Mr. J. A. Duff, B. A., was well up on the list.

*

Mr. P. M. Forin turns up for exams. with an eye which looks as if it had been roughly used. I did not inquire the cause, but as he is from Knox we will suppose it is all right.

*

Some of the residence men occasionally indulge in a game of lawn tennis in the afternoons, or have free and easy baseball matches in the quad.

*

K company paraded in full force on the lawn on Thursday of last week.

*

Many of the students have had recourse to the public library for light reading as well as for such books as can be found there bearing on the work for examination. There is certainly a much more comfortable feeling in beginning a book with a couple of weeks ahead of one to finish it in than in sitting down to it with the knowledge that it must be returned again within so many hours.

*

Several of the lady undergraduates who came up for their first examination were unable to find their way in the building and an opportunity was offered for gallant freshmen to distinguish themselves.

*

Mr. H. J. Crawford was the winner of the McCaul gold medal this year on the college examination.

*

The accommodation afforded by Convocation Hall for examination purposes is becoming every year more inadequate to the number of students. Three or four of the lecture rooms have to be used this year in addition.

*

It is to be regretted that two or three at least of the class of '88 are not in the photo. Mr. S. J. Farmer and Mr. John Waugh are absent, while Mr. W. J. Healy is still at Ottawa and will not graduate this year.

*

The present first year has the reputation of being second only to the class of '88.

*

Mr. W. A. Wyllie, '89, will enter Knox.

*

Mr. N. P. Buckingham and Mr. S. King have applied for membership to the Law Society.

*

Mr. McKim has a recruit force in the hall of two new assistants. TOGA.

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRINCE ALONZO.

Venice, at the time of which we write, was called a Republic; but it was a Republic only in name. The elective franchise had been gradually wrested from the people, and in place of the Grand Council of the Tribunes, elected from the efficient and the deserving, there had been established an oligarchy as aristocratic and exclusive as it was selfish and jealous, and as tyrannical as ever cursed a nation. All political power had passed into the hands of a hereditary nobility, whose names were enrolled in the "Golden Book:" and these patrician families were the repositories of all the honors and the emoluments of government. So jealously did this aristocratic element guard itself against contamination through the admixture of baser stock, that most stringent laws were enacted to prevent the intermarriage of patrician and plebeian, the mildest penalty of an infraction of which was confiscation and banishment, while the penalty of marriage between a patrician and a slave was death. The Doge, or reigning duke, was elected by the nobles for life; and though he ostensibly held the highest office in the State, his powers were exceedingly limited. The real executive authority was vested in the Council of Ten, elected from the favored class; and in their hands, they consummated a centralization of power entirely absolute. From these Ten were chosen three State Inquisitors, called the Secret Three, who held the power of life and death, and from whose decision there was no appeal. The humblest beggar of the purlieus, or the Doge in his ducal robes, once within the grasp of this dread tribunal, was at its mercy. Their spies were everywhere, and in all guises, and when the Council of Ten decreed that justice or vengeance against a citizen, the giving of the name to the Secret Three was sure condemnation. And so promptly and silently did the State Inquisition do its work that men of all ranks and walks in life, high and low, were continually passing down into the dark valley through its terrible portals, and their nearest friends knew not whither they had gone!

It was towards the close of a pleasant summer day that a group of idlers lounged upon one of the public landings near the southern entrance of the Grand Canal. They had been for some time engaged in watching the gayly trapped gondolas that passed to and fro, exchanging salutations with occupants of their acquaintance, and remarking freely upon the appearance of those who were strangers, when their attention was arrested by a barge that had just entered the canal from the sea.

"Ah!" said one of the group, "here is a new arrival. That barge must have come from the Adriatic. She wears not the Venetian colors. What think you, Count?"

"I think she comes from the Adige," answered the man thus addressed.

"From the Adige!" cried the first speaker. "I declare, Count, you are blind. I see the Cross of Saint Zeno upon her banner."

"Aye," added a third of the group; "and she wears the Lion of Saint Mark above that. The Prince of Verona, for a ducat!"

"It is the prince," said the count.

"And who may this prince be?" inquired one whose garb and features, as well as his tongue, bespoke the Frenchman.

"Ah, Marquis, you are a stranger in Venice, or you would have had no need to ask concerning Alonzo de Verona."

"DeVerona!" repeated the marquis. "There was a noble of that name buried on the very day of my arrival. Can he come to morrow?"

"The old Count Antonio," said a companion. "He was the father of the Prince Alonzo, whose barge approaches."

"And if I mistake not," pursued the Frenchman, "Antonio de Verona was a man of note in Venice."

"You may safely swear to that, my dear Marquis. De Verona was not only one of the wealthiest nobles of the city, but he was at one time next to the Doge himself in political importance."

"A man of power and authority," suggested the marquis.

"Why, as for power and authority," returned the count, with a shrug of the shoulders, "you will find but little of that outside of that outside of the Council of Ten; but De Verona was, nevertheless, a man of influence." The speaker cast a quick glance around, and then added: "I think I may say—of too much influence."

"Aye," ventured another of the party, "it is evident enough that the Count Antonio had become an object of envy to the Ten; and I believe it was their persistent persecution that hastened his—"

"Hush! Gonsalvo. Know you not that the very stones have ears for the Ten? But the prince approaches. Yes, it is Alonzo himself. I should know him among a thousand, though he has been absent so long."

"Then he was not present at his father's funeral!" said the Frenchman.

"No. He has been away from Venice—let me see—five years, surely. I think the intelligence of his father's death must have found him at his castle at Verona."

As the barge passed the landing, those of the group who had known the prince raised their caps, and saluted him with words of warm welcome; to which he responded in a frank and friendly manner.

Suddenly the idlers became silent, as though an evil spell had fallen upon them as they moved away from the landing as people move away from impending danger. A new comer had appeared upon the scene, a man of dark and forbidding aspect, whose garb was sombre, and whose tread was like a cat's. The only bit of attention he seemed to bestow upon the group was to cast a swift, keen glance at the Frenchman, after which he became absorbed in contemplation of the barge.

"Sdeath!" muttered the marquis, "what an eye that man has! Who is he?"

"He is a scent-hound of the Inquisition—a spy of the Secret Three!" replied the count. "His name is Dagolfo. But why," he added, casting a glance behind him, and then turning to his other companions, "should he be thus interested in Alonzo de Verona? By my faith! I like it not. Can it be that the Council of Ten have turned their evil eyes upon the prince?"

"If they have," suggested one of the party, "it is that through the living son they may grasp the gold of the dead father. With his estate of Verona, and the property which falls to him in Venice, from his sire, Alonzo is the wealthiest Christian in the State. We must see the prince, and warn him."

Meanwhile the barge had kept on its way up the Grand Canal, and finally it stopped at the water entrance of a palatial dwelling, where Alonzo de Verona stepped out upon the marble landing, and ascended to the vestibule. He was a young man, of five-and-twenty, of medium height, and of most perfect form, combining a superior physical development of gallant bearing, and a rare grace and ease of motion. His face was handsome and winning; the features regular and classically moulded; and the full, dark eyes glowed with a soul-lit, generous fervor. His hair was of the raven's hue, and escaped from beneath his velvet cap in glossy curls, floating down over the shoulders, as was the fashion among the patrician class of the times. His garb was of purple velvet, richly embroidered, over which, while in the barge, he had worn a cloak of fine Veronese cloth.

Having dismissed the barge, the prince ascended the marble staircase, followed by his valet, the latter bearing his master's cloak and sword.

"Ah, Beppo, the old palace will seem gloomy to me now. Even here I fancy I can feel the funereal chill."

The prince cast his eyes up at the old armorial sculpturing above the arch of the vestibule, and then looked back upon the canal.

"Don't let your gloomy fancies run away with you, my master," said the valet, in cheering, hopeful accents. "Let the dead past be buried, and speed your thoughts to the future. Your noble father has left enough for you to do."

"Aye," returned Alonzo, with a spice of bitterness in his tones, "if what I hear be true, he hath left enemies for me to deal with."

"And why should you borrow fear on that account?" cried Beppo, warmly. "A heart strong in its own consciousness of integrity need fear the enmity of envious foes."

The prince shood his head moodily.

"Ah, my good Beppo, you know not the dread power of these same envious foes. But enough of this. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I am——"

Alonzo's speech was cut short by the opening of the door before him and the appearance of a servant upon the threshold of the vestibule. Said servant was a man well advanced in years, whose arms had sustained the prince in earliest childhood. There was warmth of pure affection and deferential reverence in his manner as he hastened forward and embraced his young master.

"Good, my lord! This is a welcome coming, indeed. God give that you be well and strong."

And the old man looked upon the prince admiringly, evidently well pleased with the robust and manly change which five years of absence had wrought upon him.

"In body I was never better, Bernardo, and the sight of your honest face revives my spirit."

No wonder, my lord, that your spirits have sunk under the great loss, but there is much left for you to enjoy."

Old Bernardo thus spoke, and then turned and gave a cordial greeting to Beppo, after which he led the way into the hall.

Alonzo found the grand old apartments as he had left them, save that a solemn stillness reigned beneath their frescoed arches, and dust had been suffered to gathered upon the folds of the velvet hangings. In the library, however, things wore a more cheerful aspect, and here refreshments were served.

When the candles had been lighted the prince called the old servant to a seat by his side, and asked concerning his father's sickness.

"He was not sick a great while," said Bernardo, "though he had not been strong and well for a long time. But he did not suffer, my lord; that is, he had no bodily pain. He drooped very easily, and was happier in his last hour than he had been for many months."

"He was about passing out from his troubles," suggested Alonzo.

"Yes," returned the oldman, after a moment's hesitation, "I think he felt it. I think he was willing to go."

A little while the prince remained silently meditating, and at length he looked up and said with solemn earnestness:

"Bernardo, I want you to tell me the whole truth concerning my father. I want to know all that he suffered, and why he suffered."

"For your own sake, my lord, I will tell you all I know, for thus you will be better enabled to regulate your conduct. When you left Venice, five years ago, the Count Antonio de Verona, your father, stood second to none in the State in point of political influence, and his great wealth gave him substantial power. But that wealth was destined to be his bane. The Council coveted it, and longed to gain it to the coffers of the State; and in this they professed to have the countenance of Giovanni."

"Giovanni!" repeated the prince. "You do not mean the Doge?"

"I mean the Doge Giovanni, my lord, and none other."

"But Giovanni was my father's friend. They were friends from boyhood. Surely, Bernardo, you must be mistaken."

"Ah, my master, Giovanni was not Doge of Venice when you went away. He was then at liberty to be the friend of whom he pleased. But he was elected Doge, and became the slave of the Ten—their slave so far that he could hold no friendships which they did not approve. In the unsuccessful crusade against the Moors the former Doge, Fontani, had expended of the treasures of the State almost to the last sequin; so that, when the present council came into power, they found themselves sadly in want of money. The people had been taxed to the utmost, and the Jews had been levied upon until their coffers refused to open more. At this point the eyes of the Ten became fixed upon the wealth of De Verona. Could they bring his rich estates of the old count into possession of the State, they would have money enough; and from that time your father was persecuted. I cannot tell you all the means that were adopted by the plotters to bring the noble Antonio to a conviction that should subject his estates to confiscation; but I can tell you that they failed at every turn, though they were still at work when death snatched him away.

"And now, Alonzo," added the old man, laying his hand upon the arm of his young master, and speaking with earnest and solemn entreaty, "you have need to be very cautious. Not only has the wealth of your father descended to you, but your own valuable estate of Verona is in the balance. You will be watched by spies of the Secret Three, and your every movement noted; and though you may be met with smiles of welcome, be sure that your destruction is aimed at."

"Who are now the State Inquisitors?" asked Alonzo.

"Mendoza, Alvado and Rinaldi," answered Bernardo.

"I know them for three unprincipled men," said the prince.

"And because of their hardness of heart and lack of conscience have the Ten selected them for the secret office."

"But," pursued Alonzo, "the Doge is my friend. I cannot believe that Giovanni—"

"Ah, my lord," interrupted the old servant, "you must base no hopes upon the friendships of other days. I have no doubt that Giovanni would be your friend if he could; but he at present not his own master. He owes his office to the Council, and is but a creature of their will. No, no; trust not in the friendship of the Doge."

"Upon my life, good Bernardo, one would judge from your speech that I had not a friend in Venice."

"You are wrong there, Alonzo. I know that you have many friends. Among the patrician class, and among the common people, no man has more; but what availeth the friendship of the multitude against the machinations of the Secret Three? You should know that they are all powerful in Venice, and that from the decision of the dread tribunal there is no appeal."

The prince sat for some time with his head bowed upon his hand. At length he looked up with a faint smile upon his handsome features, and said:

"I declare, Bernardo, I can listen to no more to-night. I must have time for reflection and rest before you expose more of the dark picture."

"I think I have no more to expose, my lord. I have only to beg that you will pay heed to what I have said, and govern yourself accordingly."

"You need not fear on that account, Bernardo. I will remember your words, and take heed."

And yet the old servant did fear, or his looks belied him. He knew the youthful prince too well, not withstanding five years had elapsed since he had seen him this evening. He knew that the young noble was brave, gallant and headstrong, and fearless of danger while in pursuit of a cherished object. The flash in the large dark eyes was as quick and thoughtful and bright as ever, and the fire of soul that warmed and glowed in the frank and manly face was as quickly ablaze now as had been its scent in the other years. Bernardo shook his head as he arose from his chair, but expressed not his doubts in words.

"Send Beppo to me, my good Bernardo, and then let my bed be prepared; for I have been on the water so long, tossing about in a lighted barge, that I am weary. We will confer further on the morrow."

The old steward withdrew, and shortly afterwards Beppo entered. This Beppo was a little, wiry fellow, of medium height, with black, piercing eyes, and a countenance expressive of warm and generous impulse and reckless daring. He was devotedly attached to his young master, and would have readily risked life in his service. In fact, he had more than once, already, looked death boldly in the face in the prince's cause.

"By Saint Mark! Beppo, you speak truly. Why should I fear the Council of Ten, or the Secret Three?"

He observed the unquestioning look of his valet, and, without reserve, proceeded to relate what he had heard from Bernardo.

"Is there any harm in Venice?" said Beppo, when his master had concluded.

"No."

"And you mean to do none?"

"Not knowingly or willingly."

"Then why should you fear? If danger comes the time for meeting it will come with it. Give it no thought, now, my lord. Bernardo is timid and fearful. He has grown gloomy and suspicious in this city of intrigue."

"But," added Alonzo, "he is honest and faithful."

"Aye," cried Beppo, warmly, "and I know that he loves you. But tell me, my master, have you seen Zenella yet?"

A bright light gleamed in the prince's eyes, and a warm glow suffused his cheeks.

"No, Beppo, I have not seen her. I have not asked for her."

"How? Is it possible——"

"Hush! If you think I have forgotten the sweet smile of that lovely maiden, or that the delicious music of her tuneful voice has faded from my senses, you mistake the deepest impulse of my heart. No, Beppo, I have not forgotten. There seemed something so sacred even in the loved name that I have not ventured to speak it. I wonder if she remembers me. Will she wear for me the same merry glowing fancy has so fondly held in view? O, Zenella!"

The prince bowed his head upon his hand as he murmured that name, and was lost in the memories of by-gone days—in memory of a sweet, angelic face that had beamed upon him in the other times, and which he had held, through all his adventurous wanderings, in fond and loyal remembrance.

Beppo guessed the tenor of his master's reflections, and disturbed them not; and the shadow upon his own face gave token that his mind was not free from grave and serious doubts touching this passage in the heart-history of the prince.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOST LOVE.

On the following morning, when Alonzo had eaten his breakfast, he summoned the old steward to the library.

"Bernardo, why have I not seen the Lady Zenella? Cast it be that she is ill?" he asked.

The old man's countenance fell, and he was troubled.

"Why do you not speak?" demanded the prince, in a whispered tone.

"My lord," said the steward, solemnly. "Zenella is not here."

"Not here? But she will be here!"

"Never again."

"Bernardo! She is not dead?"

"She is not here, my lord. I have not seen her for several months."

"Where is she?"

"I cannot tell you."

Alonzo started from his seat and seized the steward by the arm.

"Bernardo, what ill scheming is this? Speak! What has become of Zenella?"

The old man trembled when he saw how eager and excited his young master was.

"Sit down, sit down, my lord. There has been no scheming. Zenella has gone. She can be nothing to you. Why should you—"

The prince stopped him by an impatient gesture.

"Peace, good Bernardo. Wag not thy tongue so loosely. Zenella nothing to me! I have worn her image in my heart of hearts—in my inmost soul—these five long years. Nothing to me! She is the light of my life, the beacon star of my dearest hopes. Where is she?"

"Indeed, my lord, I cannot tell you."

"Old man, you tremble and turn pale. You mean that you will not tell me."

"No, no, my master," cried the steward, beseechingly. "I speak honestly and truly. I know not whither she is gone."

"By Saint Mark!" exclaimed the prince, starting up, with clenched hands and flashing eyes. "There's more in this than you tell me of. When did she leave this house?"

"Three months ago, when your father was first taken to his bed."

"And has she not been here since?"

"She came a few times at night to see the old count."

"And you know not whence she came, nor whither she went?"

"I know not."

"Why did she go away?"

"My lord," pleaded the old man, with his hands clasped imploringly, "you tax me beyond my ability to answer. I only know that she went away, that—that—"

"That what? By heavens! if you trifle or deceive, I will send you forth from my house. What more would you say? What more do you know?"

"Only this," replied the old servitor, reluctantly: "Zenella went away with your father's full permission."

"You mean that my father sent her away?"

Bernardo gave a trembling, hesitating assent.

"And he sent her away at the same time that intelligence of his sickness was dispatched to me?"

"About that time, my lord."

The prince paced to and fro across the apartment a few times and then resumed his seat, where he remained awhile in deep and absorbing meditation.

"Bernardo," he said, in low, husky tones, when he at length looked up, "I charge you, upon your honor, to answer me frankly and truly. "I am master now, and lord of the palace—and I can command if necessary. You remember when my father allowed me to set forth upon my travels?"

The steward nodded.

"And you remember that he was anxious that I should go out from Venice and see the world?"

Another nod.

"And you know, too, that he planned for my sojourn at my castle of Verona?"

The old man could not deny it.

"And you know more," cried Alonzo, vehemently. "You know that I was sent away that I might be separated from Zenella. Answer me: Was it not so?"

"Indeed, my lord, you push me too far."

"Enough! I have your answer. You do not deny it. And now she has been sent away that I might not meet her on my return. It must be so. I know it. O! what mystery is this? Why should my father, who was always so loving and so kind, and so true and so just, have done this thing? Bernardo, if you know aught of the matter, I charge you, speak."

Gradually the old steward struggled up to a command of his speech, and after a brief period of reflection, he said:

"Alonso, I have no desire to deceive you, and perhaps it is best that you should know the whole truth. I think your father did urge your departure in order that you might be separated from Zenella; and I have no doubt that the same motive guided him in sending her away when he supposed you were about to return. He saw, before you went to France, that a dangerous affection was growing up between you and his beautiful ward."

"Dangerous!" interrupted the prince. "And wherefore dangerous?"

"The count evidently feared that the result might be love and plighted vows."

"And what could there have been dangerous in that?" demanded Alonzo, in amazement.

The steward looked puzzled. He had not seen the precipice upon which he was verging. He had not thought how he was only fanning into a more consuming flame the fire of love that was already burning. He had forgotten that what seemed plain to him could only be an enigma of most perplexing character to the present young prince.

"I think," he stammered, "there must have been reasons why such a state of things should not come to pass. There was a bar to your union."

"A bar to union between Zenella and myself!" said Alonzo, slowly and doubtingly.

"I think so."

"But do you know?"

"I can only judge from indirect remarks which fell from the old count. I am not very sure that he feared a mutual love would be the result of your continued companionship; and I am also sure that he had reasons for dreading said consequence, but what those reasons were he had never told me."

The poor old man had been very frank; but he had unwittingly blundered into a trouble he had not seen. If Alonzo had before been desirous of finding his lost love, he was ten times more so now than then. The speech of the steward had given him to believe that Zenella had returned his love; and this belief fired his soul with renewed ardor of affection and devotion.

"Santa Maria!" he cried, leaping again from his seat, "either though art wild in thine imaginings, or my father was beside himself!—whence a barrier to our love? Was not Zenella of patrician birth?"

"I know not, my lord."

"Out upon thee, dolt! Thou dost know! Thou hast heard my father say, time and again, that Zenella's parents were noble Venetians, who died in Constantinople, attached to the court of the Greek emperor. Dost not remember?"

"I think I have heard him say so."

"Thou knowest he said so."

"And yet," added Bernardo, resolutely, "I know that he had reasons for dreading the result of which we have spoken."

"It cannot be!"

The prince sank back into his seat as he thus spoke, and after a pause the old servitor said, earnestly and solemnly:

"My dear Alonzo—my lord—you asked what mystery was this. I must tell you that there is mystery to me; but I can yet give you one more item of information, and if you are wise you will take it as a sure sign that in some way, through the connection of Zenella with this house, the count, your father, feared that the confiscation of his estates might be wrought. Now, I cannot guess why."

"I am in no mood for guessing. You may guess for me."

"Then, my lord, I am forced to the belief that Zenella's father, who died at the court of the Greek emperor, was a banished noble, and his property confiscated. Such being the case, under our laws the children would inherit the penalty of ostracism, and a Venetian noble, marrying with such, would be subject to the loss of rank and property, and to life-long banishment. This is what your father saw, and now you may judge if he acted wisely in sending the girl away."

"Did my father know that Zenella's parents been banished when he first took her to his home?"

"I think he did; but I am not sure."

(To be Continued.)

Style in the Ward.

Yallerby—Good ebenin', Mistah Solomons. Hah yo' got er good millionaire suit ob de prevailin' style?

Solomons—Righd on der gounter here vas vun."

Yallerby—Why, dat am de berry suit I sold yo' las' summer!"

Solomons—Yaw. It vos der brevailing style mid der gents on der afernoo to buy back dose old clothes for de peautiful fit.

Silence is Golden.

They were sitting in an easy chair out on the porch.

He—Darling.
She—Darling.
He—Sweet.
She—Sweet.
He—Precious—precious.
She—Precious—ah, but, George, dear, do not let us disturb the solemn stillness—the wide silence of the night, with conversation.

Poor Fellow.

Jones is becoming philosophical.

"What a blessed dispensation of Providence that we don't know when we are to die! Why if I knew that I had only a week to live I should be a dead man inside twenty-four hours."

A Conscientious Child.

The Minister—And what kind of a man, Flossie, do you think you will marry when you grow up?

Clara—Why don't you answer, Flossie?

Flossie—I don't know, Clara; I don't think it's right for me to think about marriage until Sister Clara is out of the way.

He'd Been There.

Giggson—Yes, Miss Edyth, I've often heard your Jiggson proudly boast of being a broad-winner.

Priggson (Jiggson's rival)—Yes, indeed; matches nickels with the office boy for rolls for lunch.

Safe from Jury Duty.

Bobley—Confound the luck! Here I have a summons to serve on a jury.

Wiggins—Well, don't be worried, old man. The lawyers will never accept you.

Bobley—Why?

Wiggins—Because two minutes' talk will show 'em you're no fool.

No Nearer Relationship.

Fascinating female pavbrocite (a widow, using the privilege of the year)—Mr. Augustus, I luts you. Will you pein huspant?

Augustus (firmly)—No, Mrs. Solomon Levi; you can only be an uncle to me.

Dietary Caution.

Prodigal son—Father, I have returned to thee.

Father (with emotion)—Son, where have you been for the past five years?

Son—In the penitentiary.

Father—Well, I guess there's some cold beans left over. Fat veal would be too rich for you just now.

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G. P. SHARPE.

VAGABONDIA:

A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Mooning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH THERE IS AN EXPLOSION.

"It is my impression," said Dolly, "that something is going to happen." And she ended with a sigh.

Truth to tell, she was not in the best of spirits. She would not have explained why. Griffith was safe at least, though he had been detained a week longer than he had anticipated, and consequently their meeting would have to be deferred; but though this had been a disappointment, Dolly was used to such disappointments, and besides the most formidable part of the waiting was over, for it was settled now that he would be home in two days. It was Tuesday now, and on Thursday he was to return, and he was going to Bloomsbury Place in the afternoon, and he was to join the family tea as he had used to do in the old times. But still she did not feel quite easy. She was restless and uncomfortable in spite of herself, and was conscious of being troubled by a vague presentiment of evil.

"It is not like me to be blue," she said to herself; "but I am blue to-day. I wonder what is going on at home."

Then, as was quite natural, her thoughts wandered to Mollie, and she began to ponder upon what Aimee had told her. How were matters progressing, and what was going to be the end of it all? The child's danger was even plainer to her than it was to Aimee, and fond as she was of Mollie she had determined to interpose on behalf of her victi bonne, by taking the fair delinquent aside and administering a sound lecture to her. She would tell her the truth at least, and try to open her innocent eyes to the fact that Mr. Gerald Chandos was not a man of the King Cophetua stamp, and that there was neither romance nor poetry in allowing such a man to amuse himself at her expense.

Poor Mollie! It would be a rather humiliating view to take of a first conquest, but it would be the best thing for her in the end. Dolly quite sighed over the mere prospect of the task before her. She remembered what her first conquest had been, and how intoxicated she had believed in her new power, and how trustingly she had swallowed every sugared nothing and how she had revelled in the field of possible romance which had seemed spread before her—until she had awakened one fine day to find the first flush of her triumph fading, and her adorer losing his attractions and becoming rather tame. That had been long ago, even before Griffith's time, but she had not forgotten the experience, though it had been by no means a sentimental one, and she knew it would have been a severe shock to her innocent self-love and self-gratulation, if anyone had hinted to her that there was a doubt of her captive's honesty. She was thinking of all this and arranging the heads of her address, when she was aroused from her reverie by a message. There were some orders to be left at the poulterer's and fruiterer's, and some bills to be paid in town, and these affairs being her business, Miss MacDowlas had good-naturedly ordered the carriage for her as she had a long round to make.

Dolly got up and laid her work aside. She was not sorry for the opportunity of going out, so she ran upstairs with some alacrity to put on her hat, and having dressed, went to Miss MacDowlas for more particular instructions.

"You are looking rather pale, and the drive will do you good," said that lady. "Call at Pullet's and pay his bill, and order the things on his list first. By the way, it was when I drove round to give orders to Pullet the other day, that I saw your pretty sister with Gerald Chandos. She is too pretty—far too pretty and far too young and inexperienced, to be giving private interviews to such people as Gerald Chandos," sharply.

"Private!" repeated Dolly, with some indignation. "I think that is a mistake. Mr. Gerald Chandos has no need to give interviews in private. The doors are open to him at Bloomsbury Place so long as he behaves himself."

"The more is the pity," answered Miss MacDowlas, "but that this was a private interview I am certain enough. My pretty Miss Innocence came up the street slowly with her handsome baby-face on fire, and two minutes later Gerald Chandos followed her in a wondrous hurry, and joined her and carried her off, looking very guilty and charming, and a trifle reluctant I must admit.

Dolly's cheeks flushed, and her heart began to beat hotly. "If this was the case it was simply disgraceful, and Miss Mollie was allowing herself to be led too far.

"I am sorry to hear this," she said to Miss MacDowlas, "but I am indebted to you for telling me. I will attend to it when I go home on Thursday, and," with a flash of fire, "it is needful I will attend to Mr. Gerald Chandos himself."

She entered the carriage, feeling hot and angry and distressed. She had not expected such a blow, even though she had told herself that she was prepared to hear of any romantic imprudence. And then in the midst of her anger she began to pity Mollie, as it seemed natural to pity her always when she was indiscreet. Who had ever taught her to be discreet, poor child? Had she herself? No, she had not. She had been fond of her and proud of her beauty, but she had laughed at her unsophisticated thought, was vy with the rest, and somehow they had all looked upon her as they looked upon Todas rather a good joke. Dolly quite hated herself as she remembered how she had related her own little escapades for the edification of the family circle and how Mollie had enjoyed them more than any one else did. She had never overweighed the actual bounds of propriety herself, but she had been coquettish and fond of admiration, and had delighted to hold her own against the world.

"I wasn't a good example to her!" she cried remorsefully. "She ought to have had a good, wise mother. I wish she had. I wish I had one myself."

And she burst into tears, and leaned her head against the cushioned carriage, feeling quite overcome by her self-reproach and unselfishness. Their mother had died when Mollie was born, and they had been left to fight their own battles ever since.

She was obliged to control herself, however. It would never do to present herself to Pullet, in tears. So she sat up and dried her eyes with her handkerchief, and turned to the carriage window to let the fresh air blow upon her face. But she had not been looking out two minutes before the vivid colour in her cheeks at something down the street—a bit of color—a bit of scarlet, in fact, a little tuft of scarlet feathers, in a hat, and then her eyes, wandering lower, recognized a well-remembered jacket and a well-remembered dress, and then the next instant she uttered an exclamation in spite of herself.

"It is Mollie!" she cried. "It is Mollie, and here is Gerald Chandos!"

For at the door of a bookseller's she was just nearing stood the gentleman in question, holding a periodical in his hand, and evidently awaiting an arrival.

He caught sight of Mollie almost as soon as she did herself, and the instant he saw her he hurried toward her, and by the time Miss MacDowlas' carriage rolled slowly up to them, in its usual stately fashion, he was holding the small disreputable glove Mollie had just taken out of the convenient jacket pocket, and the fair culprit herself was listening to his eager greeting with the old bright, uncontrollable blushes, and the old dangerous trick of drooping, brown-fringed eyelids, and the half-shy, half wilful air. Dolly instinctively called to her almost aloud. She could not resist the impulse.

"Mollie!" she said. "Mollie!"

But, of course, Mollie did not hear her, and the carriage passed her, and Dolly sank back into her corner, catching her breath.

"It was not a mistake," she said, "it was true. It was worse than I thought it was. Miss MacDowlas was right. It was no accident which brought them both here. He is a cowardly scoundrel and is playing upon her ignorance. If I had believed in him before, I should know that he was not to be trusted now. She is walking on the edge of a precipice, and she thinks she is safe, and never dreams of its existence. Oh, Mollie! Mollie! the world means nothing to you yet, and it is we who have to show you all the thorns!"

She finished her errands and drove homeward as quickly as possible. She could think of nothing but Mollie, and by the time she reached Brabazon Lodge, her head ached with the unpleasant excitement. The servant who opened the door met her with a piece of information. Mr. Gowan had called to see her on some special business, and was awaiting her arrival in the drawing-room. He had been there almost an hour.

She did not go to her room at all, but ran upstairs to the drawing-room quickly, feeling still more anxious. It was just possible that somebody was ill, and Ralph Gowan had come back to break the news to her because no one else had been at liberty. With this idea uppermost, she opened the door and advanced toward him, looking pale and troubled.

He met her half-way, and took her outstretched hand, looking troubled himself.

"You are not very well," he said at once. "I am sorry to see that;" and his voice told her immediately that he had not come with good news.

She smiled faintly, but when she sat down she put her hand to her forehead.

"Am I pale, then?" she answered. "I suppose I must be. It is nothing but a trifle of headache, and," with a hesitant laugh, "that I half-fancied you had come to tell me something unpleasant."

He was silent for a moment—so silent that she looked up at him with a startled face.

"If is something unpleasant!" she exclaimed. "You have come with ill news, and you are afraid to begin."

"Not so bad as that—not afraid, but rather reluctant," he answered. "It is not pleasant news; and but that I felt it would be wisest to warn you at once, I would rather any one else had brought it. I have stumbled upon a disagreeable report.

"Report!" Dolly echoed, and her thoughts flew to Mollie again.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "It is only a disagreeable one because the subject of it has managed to connect himself with some whose happiness we value."

Dolly rose from her chair and stood up, turning even paler than before.

"This some one whose happiness we value is Mollie," she said. "And the report you have heard is about Mr. Gerald Chandos. Am I not right?"

"Yes," he returned, "you are right. The hero of the report is Gerald Chandos."

"What has he been doing?" she asked, sharply. "Don't hesitate, please. I want to know."

He was evidently both distressed and perplexed. It seemed as if he felt his errand to be a delicate one. He took two or three hurried steps across the room, as if to give himself a little extra time to settle his words into the best form. But Dolly could not wait.

"Mr. Gowan," she said, "what has that man been doing?"

He turned round and answered her.

"He has been behaving himself off to your brother as an unmarried man," he said.

She slipped back into her chair again, and wrung her hands passionately.

"And he is married?" she demanded. "Oh! how was it you did not know this?"

"Not one in ten of Mr. Gerald Chandos' friends know it," he returned. "And I am only a chance acquaintance. It is not an agreeable story to tell, if what report says is true. Remember, it is only report as yet. I will not vouch for it. It is said that the marriage was the end of a boyish folly, and that the happy couple separated by mutual consent six months after its consummation. The woman went to California, and Chandos has not seen her since, though he hears of her whereabouts occasionally."

"And you are not quite sure that the report is true?" said Dolly.

"Not quite sure," he replied; "but I wish I had greater reason to doubt it."

Recurring mentally to the little scene she had witnessed on the street only an hour or so previously, and remembering Mollie's blushes and drooping eyes, and the look they had won from Mr. Gerald Chandos as he took her half-reluctant hand in his, Dolly felt her lips tremble, her blood grow hot within her. She waited just a minute to cool herself, and then spoke.

"Mr. Gowan," she said, "in the first place I ought to thank you."

"Nay," he said, "I promised to help you to care for Mollie."

"I ought to thank you," she repeated. "And I do. But in the second place I am going to ask you to do something for me which may be disagreeable."

"You may be sure," he replied, "that I shall not hesitate."

"Yes," she said, "I think I am sure of that, or I should not ask you. I am so eager about the matter, that I could not bear to waste the time. I want you to help me. On Thursday afternoon I am going home. Can you trace this report to its source before then, and let me know whether it is a true or a false one?"

"I can try."

She clasped both her gloved hands together on the small table before her, and lifted to his such a determined young face and such steadfast eyes that he was quite impressed. She would rise in arms against the world for poor, unwise Mollie, it was plain. It was not so safe a matter to trifle in Vagabondia, it would seem—that Gerald Chandos would find to his cost.

"If you bring word to me that what you have heard is a truth," she said, "I can go to Mollie with my own weapons in my hands, and I can deal all at one blow. However wilful and incredulous she may have been heretofore, she will not attempt to resist me when I tell her that, if I was a trifling, silly girl, I think he has insulted her by keeping his secret so far, but we meet with such covert stings sometimes, and at times in Vagabondia, perhaps as it is it will prove a blessing in disguise. If we had used our authority to make her dismiss him without having a decided reason to give her, she might only have resented our intervention as being nothing but prejudice. As it is, she will be frightened and angry."

So it was agreed upon that he should take in hand the task of sifting the affair to the bottom. His time was his own, and chance had thrown him among men who would be likely to know the truth. As soon as he had gained the necessary information, Dolly would hear from him, or he would call upon her and give her all particulars.

"You have a whole day before you—nearly two whole days, I may say, for I shall not be likely to leave here until five or six o'clock on Thursday," Dolly said before he left, when their rather lengthened interview terminated.

"I will make the most of my time," he replied.

Dolly stood at the window and watched him go down the walk to the gates.

"This is the something which was going to happen," she commented. "Having set matters straight with Grif, I suppose it is necessary for the maintenance of my self-control that I should have a difficulty about Mollie; but I think I could have retained my equilibrium without it."

The two days passed quietly enough up to Thursday afternoon. Whatever Ralph Gowan had undertaken, he was keeping to himself for the present. He had not written, and he had not called. Naturally, Dolly was impatient. She began to be very impatient, indeed, as the afternoon waned, and it became dusk. Worse still, her old restlessness came upon her. She could not make up her mind to leave Brabazon Lodge until she had either seen or heard from Gowan, and she was afraid that if she lingered late Griffith would arrive before her, and would be troubled by her non-appearance. Since the night they had met in the street she had not seen him, and she had much to say to him. She had looked forward anxiously to this evening and the few quiet hours they were to spend together in the dear old disreputable parlor at Bloomsbury Place. They had spent so many blissful evenings in that parlor that the very thought of it made her heart beat happily. Nobody would be there to interfere with them. The rest of the family would, good-naturedly, vacate and leave them alone, and she would take her old chair by the fire and Grif would sit near her, and in ten minutes after they had sat so together they would have left all their troubles behind them and wandered off into a realm of tender dreams and unreasoning joy. But, impatient as she was to be gone, Dolly could not forget Mollie's interest. It was too near her heart to be forgotten. She must attend to Mollie's little affairs first, and then she could fly to Grif and the parlor with an easy conscience. So she waited until five o'clock before ordering her to go out, and then after watching at the window for awhile, she decided to go to her room and put on her hat and make all her small preparations, so that when her visitor arrived she might be ready to leave the house as soon as he did.

"It won't do to keep Grif waiting too long, even for Mollie's sake," she said. "I must consider him, too. If Mr. Gowan does not come by six or half-past, I shall be obliged to go."

She purposely prolonged her toilet, even though it had occupied a greater length of time than usual in the first instance. There had been a new acquisition in the shape of a dress to don, and one or two coquettish aids to appearance, which were also novelties. But before six o'clock she was quite ready, and having nothing else to do, was reduced to the necessity of standing before the glass and taking stock of herself and her attire.

Her attire she soliloquized, curving her neck in her anxiety to obtain a back view of herself. "It fits like a glove, and so Grif will be sure to like it. He has a boyish admiration for clothes amounts to a wild monomania. He will make his usual ecstatic remarks on the subject of figure, too. And I must confess," with modest self-satisfaction, "I must confess that those frills are not unbecoming. If we were only rich—and married—how I would dress to please him. Being necessarily of a figure, one's results are never uncertain. Figure is a weakness of mine also. With the avoirdupois of Miss Jolliby, I should appear a desert. Ten thousand per annum would not console me. And yet she wears sables and seal-skin, and is happy. It is a singular fact, worthy of the notice of the philosopher, that it is such women who invariably possess the sable and seal-skin. Ah, well!" charitably, "I suppose it is a dispensation of Providence. When they attain that size they need some compensation.

Often in afternoon she remembered the complacent little touch of vanity, and wondered how it had been possible that she could stand there, making so thoughtless and foolish a speech when her heart was so sore, and so much of sharp, passionate suffering was approaching her.

She had waited until the last minute, and finding, on consulting her watch, that it was past six, she decided to wait no longer. She took up her gloves from the dressing-table and drew them on; she settled the little drooping plume in her hat and picked up her muff, and then giving a last glance and a saucy nod to the piquant reflection in the glass, she opened her bed-room door to go out.

And then it was, just at this last moment, that there came a ring at the hall-door bell—rather a loud ring, evidently a hurried ring, and withal a ring which made her heart beat, she knew not why.

She stood at the head of the staircase and listened. A moment later, and the visitor was speaking to the servant who had admitted him.

"Mr. Gowan," she heard. "Miss Crewe—wish to see her at once—at once."

She knew by his voice that something was wrong, and she did not wait for the up-coming of the servant. She almost flew down the staircase, and entered the parlor an instant after him, and when he saw her he met her with an exclamation of thankfulness.

"Thank God!" he said, "that you are ready!" He was pale with excitement, and fairly out of breath. He did not give her time to answer him. "You must come with me," he said. "There is not a moment to lose. I have a cab at the door. I have driven here at speed. The report is true, and I have found out that to-night Chandos leaves London. But that is not the worst—for God's sake, be calm, and remember how much depends upon your courage—he intends taking your sister with him."

Terrible as the shock was to her, she was calm, and did remember how much might depend upon her. She forgot Grif and the happy evening she had promised herself: she forgot all the world but Mollie—handsome, lovable, innocent Mollie, who was rushing headlong and unconsciously to misery and ruin. A great, sharp change seemed to come upon her as she turned to Ralph Gowan. She was not the same girl who, a minute or so before, had nodded at her pretty self in the glass; the excited blood tingled in her veins; she was full of desperate, eager bravery—she could not wait a breath's space.

"Come!" she exclaimed, "I am ready. You can tell me the rest when we are in the cab."

She did not even know where they were going until she heard Gowan give the driver the directions. But, as they drove through the streets she learned all.

In spite of his efforts, it was not until the eleventh hour that he had succeeded in obtaining positive proof of the truth of the report, though he had found less cause to doubt it each time he made fresh inquiries. In the end he had been driven to the necessity of appealing to a man who had been Chandos' confidential valet, and who, rascal though he was, still was able to give information he has insulted her by keeping his secret so far, but we meet with such covert stings sometimes, and at times in Vagabondia, perhaps as it is it will prove a blessing in disguise. If we had used our authority to make her dismiss him without having a decided reason to give her, she might only have resented our intervention as being nothing but prejudice. As it is, she will be frightened and angry."

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The Brotherhoods.

Saturday Night, recognizing the work done in past years by the benevolent and other societies of Toronto, will devote one or two newsy columns weekly to the doings of the lodges. Secretaries of lodges will address, Editor, Saturday Night.

SONS OF ENGLAND.

The annual At Home of Windsor Lodge was given at Shaftesbury Hall on Monday last. There was a large attendance, over three hundred accepting invitations. A capital concert made up one of the chief events of the evening, the chair being occupied by the Grand President, Dr. Pollard. After the concert was over the floor was cleared for dancing, and the devotees of the terpsichorean art were busy at devotions until the early hours of the morning. Refreshments were provided and dispensed in the most hospitable fashion.

A deputation consisting of the Grand President, Grand Secretary J. W. Carter, Deputy Grand Chaplain Rev. H. P. Hobson and the presidents of city lodges presented his Excellency the Governor-General with a handsome address on Monday afternoon in the Pavilion. Lord Lansdowne responded in the heartiest manner, expressing his deep sense of the loyalty inculcated by such societies as the Sons of England.

A new lodge will be opened next week in the city. Its name will be Suffolk. There are thirty names on the charter list, and a large number of initiations is looked for at an early date.

The Grand Secretary, J. W. Carter, will open two lodges next week, one in London and the other in Goderich.

District Deputy Bro. Thos. Elliott is working up a lodge at Paris.

St. George's Lodge talks about giving a garden party, which scheme, it is to be hoped, will materialize.

The Grand Secretary is arranging for a trip to British Columbia for the purpose of establishing lodges of the S. O. E. throughout that country.

I. O. G. T.

Mount Lebanon Lodge No. 15 held its usual meeting in Temperance Hall, Temperance street, on Monday evening, and the following officers were installed for the following quarter by Bro. Bell, C. D., assisted by Bro. Basey Hope of Toronto Lodge, and Bro. Scott, Life Boat Lodge: C. T., Bro. Pritchard; V. T., Sister Wood; Financial Secretary, Sister Shea; Treasurer, Sister Elliott; Marshal, Bro. Shea; Chaplain, Sister Logan; Guard, Bro. Jefferies; Sentinel, Bro. Winterfield; Assistant Secretary, Sister Lanning; Deputy Marshal, Sister Ind; P. C. T., Bro. Harris.

ORDER OF HOME CIRCLES.

The first annual concert of Home Circle No. 56, held in Zion's Church, Broadview Avenue, on Tuesday evening, was a complete success. Mr. James R. Roaf occupied the chair. An interesting programme was provided. During the evening luncheon was served.

A Circle of the Order, No. 104, has been instituted at Sheffield, Ont.

The Order has a membership in good standing of 4,300, and has had but seventeen assessments in its four years' existence. The amount paid to widows and orphans during the current year amounts to nearly $30,000.

Rev. John Kay of Hamilton, W. J. Greig, M.B., and Supreme Secretary A. J. Patterson, of the Committee on Revision of the Constitution, are still in session.

Mr. P. M. Pattison, Supreme Organizer, organized Circle No. 105, at Kingston, on Wednesday, with a large charter list.

Toronto Circle, No. 62, spent a very pleasant evening at its last meeting, a large number of its members being present. The Circle is making rapid progress, propositions coming in every evening; its membership is now forty-five, with several candidates to be initiated.

MASONIC.

Right Worshipful Bro. W. Smeaton of Belleville, District Deputy 14th Masonic District, and Bro. Jos. Martin of Montreal, Grand Registrar Great Priory, Knight Templars of Canada, have been spending a few days in the city. Joseph Martin is famous amongst the members of the craft in Quebec as the author of a well-known motion to exclude tavern keepers from the Order.

ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

Court Hope of Canada held its regular meeting on Monday last, when the sad news of the death of their late Bro. L. Romilly was reported. Bro. Romilly was one of the oldest members of the court, having joined at its organization. The auditors presented the quarterly balance sheet, which shows a handsome cash balance to credit of the various funds of $7,868.00. During the quarter $570.00 has been paid out for sick benefits. Bro. Geo. Groves, P. D. C. R., on behalf of the court presented Bro. J. C. Parrington with a P. C. R. certificate and ribbon for his able services rendered while in the chair. Six propositions were received for membership.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

The first quarterly meeting of the members for 1888 was summoned by cards for the purpose of receiving the report of the Site Committee struck off to ascertain the best site for the proposed new home of the society. This report was received with much enthusiasm and the scheme promises to become an assured success. The society was represented at the Pavilion on Monday by Mr. Jas. Spooner, Mr. Pells, Mr. Stockwell and another. As an address was presented last year by Mr. Geo. Beardmore, it was not thought necessary to present one on this occasion.

IRISH PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The I. P. B. S. sent a goodly deputation on Monday afternoon to present an address to his Excellency and Lady Lansdowne. This presentation was certainly one of the features of the gathering, for it was admirably read by President J. E. Hughes, and the contents grasped immediately by the large audience. The allusion to Lady Lansdowne was a most graceful one, and was thoroughly appreciated by all present.

Mr. Baillie, the Secretary, is preparing a statement to be sent to the Government through the City Clerk, showing what is being done for Irish immigrants by the Society. The report shows, that a very superior class, as a rule, has come out during the past year.

No steps have been taken, as yet, towards securing new rooms for the society.

The receipts during the past year have been about $1,954.13, and the disbursement in the neighborhood of $1,700. The charitable committee has expended over $547.90. In addition to this $200 extra in groceries, 783 meals and 265 nights' lodging have been given, and, in all, about 600 deserving cases have been relieved during the past year by the I. P. B. S.

SONS OF CANADA.

This order sprang into existence some five years ago. Since then its growth has been rapid; a Grand Lodge has been formed, with Louis Walker, Esq., of Dovercourt Road as first Grand President. The order has eight lodges in different parts of the country, with a total membership of something like six hundred members. One feature of its work is that on the death of a member, the other members of the order are assessed at one dollar each, the proceeds going to the heirs of the deceased. The last payment realized close on five hundred dollars.

The Sons of Canada is a benevolent society, and it may be of interest to know that a ten years' residence in Canada, no matter what the nationality of the applicant, qualifies for admission, and when this fact becomes more generally known there is a probability that the order will go ahead even more satisfactorily in the future than it has done in the past, gratifying as the latter has been.

Whose?

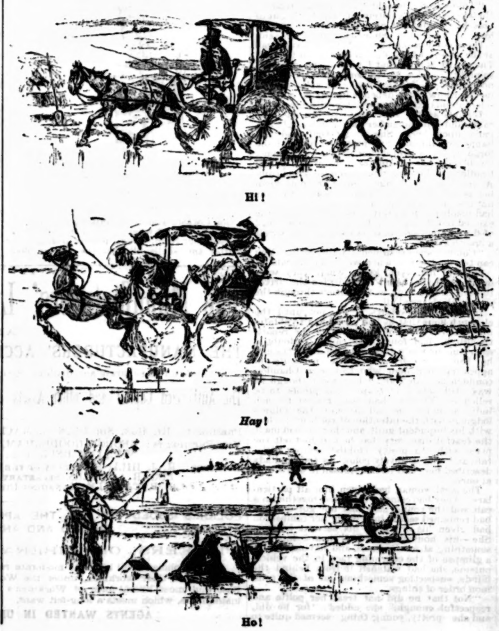
One afternoon a short time ago, as I strolled through one of our city cemeteries, I noticed, in a quiet sheltered corner, a little green grave, that looked so restful and yet so solitary I stopped, and, stooping to see the chiseled name, that the sunshine and showers of many years had robbed of all its cold whiteness, my heart gave a throb of sympathy for the lonely old man, who had once said to me in a low husky voice, "This is Molly's corner—it isn't out there in the cold," and now, as in vivid contrast to the smooth green mound—the budding trees and twittering birds, I recall the pretty room, with its crimson carpet and curtains, its pictured walls—its glowing fire—its air of dainty sadness that the old-fashioned work-box with its half worn thimble, and unused chair gave it, lingering longest on the sweet, winsome, pictured face that, shrouded with her wedding veil had been laid away for so many years. I know that the little grave was large enough to hold the heart of one of our best men who thinks of it always as the resting place of his "wee wife," but the world knows it only as the grave of "Molly Mossman."

N. G.

The Specialists Disagree.

Can *nothing* be done for the poor farmer?

A Tale of a Roadside Temptation.



Hi!

Hay!

Ho!

Supersensitive.

The belle of the ball—Is dat yo' saw-hoss on mah ordah ob darnce, Mistah Childs?

Mr. Childs—'Spec'r mus' hab done it, Miss Cruster—deed 'r mus'!

The belle of the ball—Well, I yain't a-shaysayin' wiv no coon dat writes down he's mark an' den doan' sign he's name!

He Was a Shorthander.

Visitor—Mrs. Smith, may I ask you what those initials hung over your mantelpiece mean?

Mrs. Smith—Oh, G. R. O. H!

Visitor—Yes.

Mrs. Smith—That means, "God bless our home." My husband is a short-hand reporter, you know.

W. C. MURRAY
FASHIONABLE TAILOR
279 YONGE STREET
FIRST-CLASS FIT AND FINISH TO ALL OUR WORK

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Real Estate Brokers
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DANCING

Prof. Davis has removed from his late residence, 80 Wilton Avenue, to 77 Wilton Avenue. The best-appointed academy in Canada. He is now teaching the court dance, &c., for the Art Fair.

MISS HARRITA L. CHENEY
(Finished under Mrs. Long of Boston, and Soloist in Henry Ward Beecher's church, and late of New York.)
Teacher of Voice Culture
has organized a class and will take private pupils, apply at R. S. Williams & Co.'s piano rooms, Yonge Street.
MISS CHENEY will accept concert engagements, or as soprano soloist in a choir.

JAS. COX & SON
83 Yonge Street
PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS
Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

Skinny a Taylor

No. 1 ROSSIN BLOCK
GENTLEMEN'S FULL DRESS TOILET
Prince Alberts, Silk Lined Overcoats a Specialty
I deal in fabrics made from the choicest wools by the best looms in the world and make them in the most
THOROUGHLY ARTISTIC MANNER
at the lowest prices consistent with the highest standard

HATS
FOR THE
Little Ones
With all our chat about Men's Silk and Felt Hats, we must not forget to tell our friends that we always keep in stock A COMPLETE STOCK OF BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S HATS AND CAPS. Boys' Knockabouts, 50c. and 75c. Soft Felt Hats at 75c. Derbys at $1.25 and upwards.
Children's Jockey Caps, Tam O'Shanters, Polos, Fez, and Navy Peak Caps with badges. First-class goods and very low prices.
W. & D. DINEEN
COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

FANCY SCARFS
THE "ST LEGER"
is one of Welch, Margetson & Co.'s new spring styles, and is a very taking shape
THE "MOSTON"
is a very fine made-up scarf, soft top, and fits into the collar well
The finest assortment of High Class Furnishings in the city
WHEATON & CO.
17 KING STREET WEST
COR. JORDAN.

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES
When the Philanthropist starts to accomplish some good
If he's earnest, energetic and straight
You can make up your mind he will surely succeed
In spite of that which we call fate
He works early and late, with never a thought
Of troubles he is certain to meet,
He maps out his course and goes straight ahead
Nor pauses to dream of defeat.

I appeal to the ladies to lend their support
To the movement which all must endorse,
Viz: Close the stores early; give the clerks a fair chance.
You approve? Well, I thought so of course.
Now come early to Dorenwend's, select what you wish
In bangs, waves, or in fancy goods rare
Or in switches and pins, magnificent fans,
Wonderous "Magic" if for that you should care.

Don't postpone till six what you might do at four
Nor till twelve the shopping for ten.
The clerks will all bless you and serve with delight
When Dorenwend's you visit again.
So let me repeat if you wish to assis
The patient, industrious clerk,
Pray think of the wearisome hours they pass
And your duty I'm sure you'll not shirk

The proprietor of the Paris Hair Works is strongly in favor of the measure for Early Closing, and it depends almost entirely upon the general public whether this custom should be observed. Let the ladies lend their aid and the gentlemen will be sure to follow in the effort to secure reasonable hours for the clerks. Remember that Dorenwend's latest spring styles are just at hand and should be examined.

A. DORENWEND
PARIS HAIR WORKS,
103 and 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

S. J. DIXON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
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FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
The Ladies' Tailors, 218 Yonge St., cor. Albert
SPECIALTIES FOR NEXT WEEK
MANTLE DEPARTMENT
HOUSE JERSEYS, from $1 upwards. Every lady should have one. ALL OVER JET WRAPS, from $5 upwards. JET VISITES, at $5, $7.50, $8, $10 and upwards. BROCADED SILK WRAPS, from $6 upwards. FRIEZE BROCADED WRAPS, from $12.
DRESS GOODS
Just received a lot of ALL-WOOL NUNS' VEILINGS, at 12½c., worth 20c., and ALL-WOOL CAMEL'S-HAIR BIEGES at 15c., cheap at 25c.
DRESS SILKS
COLORED SATIN MERVS and RHADENIAS in all the fashionable shades, 50c., 75c. and $1, worth double the money.
KID GLOVES
The following celebrated makes—LAURENCE, PERRIN, FRERES and JOSEPHINE, in two, three and four buttons at 25, 35, 50, 75 and 90c.
CORSETS
A large selection, comprising all the leading makes, at prices ranging from 50c. to $2.50. We have a corset made specially for our trade at $1, guaranteed not to break or curl, or money refunded
DRESS AND MANTLEMAKING AN ART WITH US
H. S. MORISON & CO.
The Ladies' Tailors, successors to J. Pittman & Co.

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

detail. Friday of last week was a very busy night in the gay world. Dinner parties that evening were rife. Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith entertained a large party at the Grange; Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, in honor of Mrs. Cockburn of Ottawa, did the same on Beverley street, while Wellington street and Simcoe street were the bright scenes of dinners at the Hon. Justice Burton's and at Sir William Howland's. At the latter house special attraction was offered to the fortunate guests, for the words "to meet Mr. Melton Prior," were added to the invitations, and the famous war artist of the *Illustrated London News* is certainly a man whom everybody would like to meet. Dinner parties are all very well in their way, but what made Friday night an evening to be remembered was the dance at Pinehurst cum-Tintagel. Between the hours of nine and ten the rain came down in torrents, but of some hundred who had been invited, very few can have been kept away, from that or any other cause. Certainly those who came were very little short of that number. Pinehurst-cum-Tintagel is a hoary and venerable mansion, its ancient walls have echoed to the giggling laughter, the painful exercise practising of those who were its inhabitants in the days when it reigned Toronto's first and most fashionable female seminary; the same walls have shone with the hospitality of one of this city's oldest families, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, during the many years in which they resided within them, and still the same, these walls have witnessed the gay revels promoted by the bachelors whom for some years past they have encircled. As in most old houses, the rooms are large, and few better dancing-rooms have been enjoyed this winter than the long double drawing-room at P—C—T—. Much care, at almost all balls this winter, has been bestowed on that first essential for success—the dancing-floor—and yet in a season excelling in good floors, that prepared by these enterprising bachelors was so good that it may be called super-excellent, and its good qualities have been the subject of general remark. Mr. Corlett's band played its best and there was lots of room for those who wished to sit out in halls, staircases and sitting-rooms upstairs, with many a recess and tempting corner. Given these qualities, with the essential one of a suitable division of the sex of the guests, and any ball must succeed. In the present case there was the right preponderance of gentlemen over ladies, so that among the latter, no such sight as a glum face and a half-filled programme could be seen.

*

There were present Miss Campbell, Miss Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Merritt, Mrs. Bankes, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Heineman, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Dawson, the Misses Yarker, Miss Mabel Heward and Mr. Eden Heward, Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Miss Campbell and Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Cassimer Dickson, Mrs. Macdonald, the Misses Shanly, the Misses Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, Miss Otter, Mr. Sears, Miss Jones, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. Hume Blake, Miss Ince, Miss Beardmore, Mr. George Beardmore, Miss Spratt, Miss Cumberland, Mr. Foy, Mrs. Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Hollyer, Miss Burton, Mr. George Burton, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Captain Geddes, Captain Sears, the Misses Vankoughnet, the Messrs. Moffatt, Mr. Frank Jones, Miss May Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones. Messrs. John Morrow, Roberts, R. Thomas, Fox, and Napier Robinson excelled in their capacity of hosts, and unqualified success attended their efforts.

*

An unfortunate incident at Miss Robinson's riding party last Saturday was the death of a valuable horse which Mr. Herman Boulton was riding, and which was the property of his brother, Mr. Christopher Boulton. The animal had been ridden at a fair and steady pace, and the cause of his remarkably sudden breakdown and speedy death is very mysterious.

*

Still another event of last Saturday was the large afternoon party given by the Misses McCutcheon, at their house on Bond street. Large numbers flocked to attend the bidding of ladies so long and so favorably known in Toronto society, so many indeed that it would have been difficult for the pretty rooms of the hostesses to contain any more. The feature of the afternoon was, of course, the great musical treat afforded by the brilliant playing of Miss McCutcheon. Such musical taste and such execution can rarely be heard, except from the hands of great professionals in the concert room.

*

Sir David and Lady Macpherson sailed this week on the North German Lloyd steamship Aller for a residence of some three or four months at Hamburg, their favorite German watering place. Sir David has found greater benefit from the baths at Hamburg than at any other town, and always returns visibly stronger and more able to face the Toronto winter and the hospitable labor of entertaining. The walls of Chestnut Park at present stand tenantless since Mrs. Bankes is spending a few weeks at the Falls, and the Hon. George and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have returned to Ottawa.

*

Though at this season Toronto loses much, the tide of travel does not only set one way, and it therefore in return gains something. Miss Vernon, a sister of Sir Alexander Campbell's popular secretary, arrived this week from England, and is staying at Government House.

*

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Townsend are legion, and not one of them but mourns the departure of this kindly lady and gentleman from Toronto. By cricketers Mr. Townsend will be especially regretted. He has been for a long time president of the Toronto Cricket Club, and as all who have attended one of those jovial gatherings, a cricket dinner, can tell, as a songster and after-dinner speaker he has led and presided in the right way. The Harmony Club, too, will find it hard to fill the place he held for them. Who else is there, who in their hour of need, when all has gone wrong, and the last rehearsal has seemed more hopeless than the first, that will come to their rescue and change what seems likely to be disaster into success? As a patron of the Toronto stage and a friend of those upon it Mr. and Mrs. Townsend have been *facile principes*. Many an actor, and many an actress, too, when they come here in future years, will deplore the departure of two such genial and constant friends. What, for instance, will the Jersey Lily make of their absence when she re-visits us? A dinner at the Toronto Club, which to many a member will never seem quite the same place without him, was given to Mr. Townsend on Saturday night by some twenty of his friends. Some joviality was mingled with the regrets of those present, and in spite of the sadness of the occasion there was some attempt at mirth. A testimonial in the shape of a handsome silver cup, from the members of the cricket club, was christened—or shall we say drowned?—in the sparkling liquor which such a christening demanded.

*

The minuet and the May masque will be danced on alternate evenings at the Art Fair. Advertisements to this effect will appear in due season, at present it is not settled on which nights either of these shows will be the stage attraction.

*

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith of Summerhill entertained the members of Royal Canadian Academy of Arts and their friends on Tuesday evening. A pleasant evening was spent singing, playing and reciting. Mr. Patterson amused his friends particularly by a couple of very comical recitations. About 10.30 the guests removed to the sumptuous supper room. Among those present were Messrs. L. R. O'Brien, McCarthy, Patterson, Bellamith, Mr. and Mrs. Revell, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Digman, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Martin, Mr. and Miss Ross, Messrs. Storm, Curry, Brymner, Watts, Parker, Newton, Manley, Moore and Hostetter.

*

On four nights of this week has the Maypole dance been rehearsed at the art rooms on King street, while in their anxiety to combine pleasure with toil, the performers of the minuet have flitted from one scene of rehearsal to another. The house of their instructor, the Art rooms, Government House and Tintagel—all these places have witnessed their efforts. After the usual vicissitudes, each show is now becoming almost perfect, and a certain rivalry between the *executants* in both will aid in making them both absolutely so. On one of the latter nights of the Fair, let a competition of popularity be set up between the two shows. Let each voter pay five cents for his vote. It would pay and the result of the election would be a matter of some interest.

*

Miss Jones has added one more gem to her crown of successes in entertaining during the past winter. Her large At Home last week in honor of Mrs. Alexander Cockburn most certainly, both in quality and in the quantity of its *dramatis personæ*, did honor to that lady and to the fair hostess. From soon after four till past six a constant stream of guests came and went from Mrs. Jones' house on Church street. The beauties of that most artistic of Toronto drawing rooms were as apparent as ever. No array of beauty could be more suitably framed, and many of the faces to be seen that afternoon were worthy of the very best of settings. As well as by many others the occasion was graced by Colonel and Mrs. Gzowski, Lady Macpherson, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. Marsland, the Misses Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker.

*

Mrs. J. K. Kerr gives a large riding-party to the Humber this afternoon, thus following the example set by Miss Robinson last Saturday. As I prophesied, until the weather becomes too warm, there will be few Saturdays but will witness some such highly pleasant equestrian event.

*

It is sad, but true, that Mr. and Mrs. William Baines have decided to leave Toronto for a residence of one or two years in Europe. There is some comfort in the fact that the popular bachelors, Dr. Pike and Mr. H. J. Scott, Q.C., have taken Mr. Baines' fine house on Simcoe street during his absence. In their hands the hospitable name of that house will doubtless to a great extent be sustained.

*

Mrs. John Cawthra and Miss Mabel Cawthra have left to spend their summer in England. While the fame of their late ball is still on people's lips, and almost before the call of grateful acknowledgment can have been paid, they have gone.

*

Mr. Pinhorn has come down from his ranche in the North-West and is paying a short visit to his sister, Mrs. J. K. Kerr.

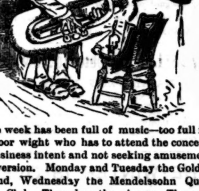
Their Excellencies' Leave-Taking.

The cheerlessness of the backward spring season, which has made Toronto society of late dull and uninteresting, was for a couple of days this week relieved for us by the flying farewell visit of Lord and Lady Lansdowne. The coming of their Excellencies was a bit of enlivenment for which we were truly thankful; though, according to a senseless and inconsiderate custom, Toronto ill-requited the kindness which prompted the visit by inflicting upon her delightful guests that wholly barbarous ordeal of having to listen and respond to a number of humdrum, uninteresting corporation and other addresses, with the rank abomination of the usual prolix and pointless prefatory speeches. When shall we be sane in this matter, by insisting that all such official and purely perfunctory work shall be done, not formally and in the eye and ear of a good-natured public, but privately, through the official secretaries and usual channels of official communication between the people and their rulers? When a visit of this sort is to be paid, if it is to give pleasure to those the citizens delight to honor, in heaven's name let us get rid of the unmitigated nuisance of public address-presenting, with all the dreary inanities and *gaucheries* which seem inseparable from such affairs! If the desire is to honor and gratify our guests, surely good taste and kind heartedness will find out some other way of paying what ought to be a delicate compliment than by our present uncouth and officious methods, which, to people not only of fine feeling and real consideration but of practical common-sense, are intolerable and revolting. It is surely good taste, at least, to let our visitors come and go untaxed in strength and patience, and free to enjoy, undisturbed and undistracted, the kindly greetings and welcomes—and if Fate so wills it—the regretful partings of a loyal, warm-hearted, and sensible people.

Though the incidents connected with the farewell visit of their Excellencies were not such as to call for a great popular demonstration, there could be no doubt of the sincere and hearty feeling of the citizens towards the distinguished guests or of the keen regret felt at their approaching departure from Canada. With regard to his Excellency, it may be said that the duties of a Governor-General are not performed under the public eye, and therefore we are perhaps disposed to treat a little lightly the functions that belong to the high office. But this, we feel sure, is to do Lord Lansdowne, or anyone filling the post, an injustice, for not only is the position full of responsibility, it is also a delicate and exacting one, requiring the greatest tact and *finesse*, and occasionally calling into exercise the highest acquirements of the statesman and diplomat. That Lord Lansdowne has fully met all the requirements of the position there can be no doubt, and a signal proof of this—were proof wanted—is the high Imperial honor conferred upon him in advancing his Excellency to the Governor-Generalship of India. In his departure for the East he takes with him the respect and regard of all who have been brought into contact with him, and the good wishes, for himself and his amiable consort, of the whole people.

CERMER MADA.

Music.



The week has been full of music—too full for the poor wight who has to attend the concerts on business intent and not seeking amusement or diversion. Monday and Tuesday the Golden Legend, Wednesday the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Thursday the Agnes Thomson testimonial concert and to-night the Maas concert with a pupil's recital thrown in for Wednesday afternoon. The Golden Legend drew great crowds at both the rehearsal on Monday evening and the final performance on Tuesday. On the latter occasion the society looked at its best, about two hundred ladies and gentlemen, the former all in white, occupying the platform in the Pavilion. The work itself is Sullivan's latest and undoubtedly his best effort. The orchestration is rich and amply illustrative of the romantic and dramatic incidents of the story. The voice parts preserve the dramatic character of the libretto, and are still flowing and melodious in their phrases, while occasional complete melodic forms give an agreeable rest to the attention of the audience.

*

Here and there Sullivan's mocking tendency to recall things we have heard before elsewhere crops out; but his treatment of these subjects is original and always effective. In the storm scene of the opening, conventional means are freely used, but individuality is restored by the use of the bells and of the harp. The chorus had a comparatively easy duty, though the female voices had a great deal of interjected phrases to sing, which were always well taken up. The sonorous unisons for tenors and basses chanting Latin hymns were evidently pleasant to sing, and certainly were pleasant to listen to, as they were given out with promptness and decision, while showing a laudable degree of shading.

*

The unaccompanied choruses were well sung, though a greater degree of tonal contrast might advantageously have been insisted upon. A magnificent climax was reached in the closing chorus where after the fugue part all the voices joined in unison. The orchestra was principally professional and received valuble aid from the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who played in the ranks. The orchestral work is so constantly distributed and redistributed among the instruments, that while the effect on the listener is one of beautiful changes of color, it is still most exacting in its demands upon the performers. The playing of these forces was excellent and was marked by promptness and certainty.

*

In one instance where the rhythm of the instrumental figure was contradictory to that of the voice part, the brass instruments, on whose devoted heads criticism is always in order, gave way and were undecided. The soloists were good. Mme. Valda had the great advantage of volume and perfect intonation in her voice and sang the part of Elsie with commendable force and certainty, if she did not always make use of the opportunity afforded her to sing with expression. The same may be said of Miss Adelaide Forseman, who has a pure, well-trained contralto voice, and who sang her part faithfully, but certainly missed her chance by singing Ursula's Prayer in a thoroughly mechanical manner. Mr. Prehn is improving in his English and his singing was delightfully certain and positive, but a trifling deliberate for the imperious, scoffing Lucifer.

*

Mr. Mockridge's voice was not always able to override the full orchestra, but his rendering of his part was a beautiful example of thoughtful and conscientious singing. The second part contained a solo each by Mme. Valda and Mr. Mockridge, the latter singing his celebrated Salve Dimora in splendid style. The Adagio, from Mendelssohn's quintette in B flat, played by the Quintette Club, and Mendelssohn's Ruy Blas overture, played in fine style by the orchestra, also formed part of the programme, which was closed by a spirited rendering of Mackenzie's Jubilee Ode. Mr. Torrington well sustained his reputation as a director of choral and orchestral forces, and is to be congratulated upon the success of the Golden Legend.

*

On Wednesday evening the concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club was largely attended by an audience that was most liberal in its applause. I must, however, confess to a feeling of disappointment at the comparative weakness of the ensemble of the quintette and at the generally weak character of the solos. As regards the first, those who remember this organization fifteen years ago, or even five years ago, must feel that the days of greatness have passed away. The almost absolute unity of thought and feeling is replaced by a certain erratic individuality in each member (except Mr. Thomas Ryan, who is always steady) which prevents that perfect blending and roundness of tone which is the desideratum in chamber music. In its quartette playing the club shows to much better advantage, and it gave a fine rendering of Raff's popular Mill Quartette.

*

A Beethoven quartette played by them was not so well balanced a performance. Then the solos are mere samples of pyrotechnics and virtuosity. If the object were to show simply what difficult actions a man can accomplish, the end is well served by the pieces played on Wednesday night. All this is not necessarily music. There is something better and broader and deeper, which we might be allowed to get a glimpse of occasionally. Probably the key to the whole thing lies in the fact that these gymnastics please the public, and what pleases the public must be dished up or—the receipts fall off. And this latter contingency must be avoided at all hazards. Still I hope that Mr. Ryan will give us a more solid programme the next time he visits Toronto.

*

Miss Anne Carpenter, the lady who sang with the Mendelssohns, was formerly a resident of Hamilton. She has a pretty voice of limited range, and with a bad upper register, or a bad way of using it. She sang a scena by Lenzano and Becker's Springtide, rather prettily, but her rendering of the final run in Gounod's Sing, Smile, Slumber, was unique in its speed.

*

On Wednesday some of Mr. F. H. Torrington's pupils gave an excellent matinee musicale at Association Hall to a crowded audience. Miss Fowler, Miss Katie Ryan and Mr. A. E. Curran sang most excellently, and piano solos were well played by Miss Burnside and Miss Taylor. Miss Pearce rendered valuable assistance in trios by Gade and Mendelssohn, with Mr. Torrington and Mr. Corell, the latter of whom also contributed a violoncello solo. A couple of songs sung by Mr. Mockridge in his best style completed a most enjoyable entertainment.

METRONOME.

Journalism and Journalists.

No profession deserves higher recognition than the profession of journalism. It is both a science, an art, and has done as much as all other professions put together for the moral, social and intellectual advancement of humanity. As a rule journalists are men of education, judgment and liberal thought, and intellectually compare favorably with the members of any other profession. And yet the profession of journalism does not occupy the high position it is entitled to. The struggle for existence which many journals have, the straightened circumstances of many journalists may account for much of the indifference shown the profession and the professors, but it does not account for all. Many churches are head over ears in debt, and many ministers are decidedly impecunious, yet the clergy occupy a higher social position with fewer opportunities of expressing themselves than do journalists. There are of course some notable exceptions. In every civilized country there are a few prominent journalists who have admission into the most select circles, and who are welcomed guests there, but compare the social standing of the average journalist with that of the average clergyman, and the latter is far in advance. The fault is to be found in the indifference and carelessness of journalists themselves. Far better though matters may be now than they were twenty years ago, there is still too much Bohemianism among the journalists of to-day. It is true that the revelries of the past are now mere reminiscences, but there is still room for an increase of that self respect, without which no profession receives its full due of reverence. How many young men there are to-day employed on newspapers—young men of ability—who seem to think that their occupation gives them the license to do and say things, to frequent places that the members of other professions would not dare to do or say, or to frequent. The young lawyer, the young doctor knows that to be known as a frequenter of bar-rooms, saloons and other questionable places will injure him in his professional career, and that he is bound to deny himself many pleasures if he would be successful. Too many young journalists by their conduct seem to give themselves no concern about the matter but to think that their profession gives them a liberty denied to other men. To be hail-fellow-well-met with men they would be ashamed to introduce to their sisters is a common occurrence, and though the very nature of their occupation necessarily brings them into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, there is far more of that reckless indifference to the opinions of others than there ought to be. Journalism and journalists will never occupy their rightful position until all this is altered. The professor must take more pride in his profession, if he cannot take more in himself. He must learn that a too free indulgence on his part, a reckless manner, a want of self-respect, not only injure himself, but injure thousands of others, bringing a noble profession into disrepute. We cannot all be Matthew Arnolds, Horace Greeleys, Dr. Russells. It is not given to every man to be a genius, but it is given to every man to be a gentleman, and every journalist, even the youngest and least known, can be that. Just what men are in their moments of leisure they will be in their official capacity, and this accounts for so much of the flippancy, irreverence, blasphemy and vulgarity which appears in the columns of the newspaper press. No man coming from a scene of indecency can sit down and write decently. The slime of the serpent will be seen all through his production, and while it may provoke a laugh, it disgusts all self-respecting people. The press of America prides itself on its "smartness," no doubt it is a wonderful affair, but smartness is not everything in a newspaper. Dignity and decency ought to have the chief place, but too often they are overlooked. When the journalists of America especially recognize the fact that upon them is placed a tremendous responsibility, that to a great extent in their keeping is placed the moral teaching of young people, then, but not till then will the press occupy the position it should and deserves to occupy. Bohemianism must give way. When it does journalists need never blush, either for themselves or their profession.

Personal.

Mr. E. E. Sheppard and Mr. Patterson were met in New York by several of their Toronto friends and the *bon voyage* wishes were of the heartiest kind.

Mr. M. F. Bassett, coroner of Cook's county, Michigan, has been revisiting old scenes in Toronto and the neighborhood, and finds, naturally enough, that a twenty years' absence has effaced a few of the old landmarks.

The admirers of baseball in Toronto—and they are many—will doubtless rally in strong numbers at the Grand Opera House on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week, to witness the drama of United, which possesses an additional interest from the fact of the cast including the names of two local celebrities, W. E. Ramsay and T. J. Cooney. It also includes Miss Fannie C. Jackson, late of Jim the Penman Company.

The able staff of writers who have succeeded in making the Toronto *News* what it is to-day is to be still further strengthened by the addition of Mr. John B. Kerr, who leaves the *Empire* to edit the telegraphic columns of the *News*. Mr. Kerr is a graduate of Toronto University, a ripe scholar, and one who has already shown a rare aptitude for newspaper work. The *News* and Mr. Kerr are each to be congratulated on this appointment.

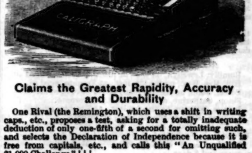
Bismarck's Own Prediction.

When, after the conclusion of peace in February, 1871, between Germany and France, the Emperor William and the most distinguished Prussian, Saxon and other German leaders returned home, the "Iron Chancellor" traveled by himself and avoided the grand ovations that everywhere met the other great men. He stopped at Frankfort, where he had been Prussian Minister in his early diplomatic career. There an old time friend, a retired merchant, met him and was cordially received. Said the merchant: "Now our wars are over, I hope." Said Bismarck: "There will be peace whilst we live." "Then I hope you'll live fifty years." Bismarck: "That is too much, my friend. All I ask for, to complete our work, is fifteen years." The fifteen years did expire in February, 1886.

This anecdote is historical. It is vividly recalled, together with the gigantic work achieved by the great Minister, by the cyclorama of the Battle of Sedan. There he stands on the hillside, calmly surveying the bloody drama enacted before him; a drama of which he knows himself to be the successful author.

This great work of art has lost none of its popularity, and will this summer, no doubt, bring many strangers to our city. The Cyclorama is open every day from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. and on Saturday nights after 7 p.m. the admission is only 25c.

The Caligraph Type-Writer vs. Its Competitors



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One Rival (the Remington), which uses a shift in writing caps., etc., proposes a test, asking for a totally inadequate deduction of only one-fifth of a second for omitting such, and selects the Declaration of Independence because it is free from capitals, etc., and calls this "An Unqualified $1,000 Challenge"!!!

Another rival, with two shifts instead of one, proposes to strike two keys turn about against time. Of course this would display its merits as a writer about as clearly as a man jumping up and down would show his ability to run fast and well.

The agents for the Caligraph proposes something fair, real and practical, such as the following:—

Have the test at Toronto—not away at New York, foreign to Canadians.

Let the judges be independent newspaper men or principals of Toronto commercial colleges.

Let the subject matter for the test be practical everyday work of writing machines.

Let the judges select for this half a dozen sample business letters and other matter new to the operators, and some evidence, the latter to be that furnished for publication by the head of the Remington firm, which the agents for that machine were some months ago invited to use in a speed test with the Caligraph.

The machine doing the most rapid and accurate work to be pronounced superior.

The test to include a page of manifolding, not less than twenty copies, to test rapidity, by both old and new machines, to evidence durability and strength.

No betting, no money staked; let success be the reward. All the work done to be the property of the Agent of the superior machine.

Can the agents of the machines referred to suggest something fairer, or will their silence be understood to mean acquiescence or prudence?

The agent for the Caligraph will pay the return fare from New York city of the most expert Remington operator while restricting himself to Canada for operators.

The advantages claimed for the Caligraph are:

A separate key for each character and no shift.

Slight depression of the keys in writing, easy touch and level, steady key-board.

Writes on flat surface instead of round.

Steel type, one to each bar—patent hollow type-bars—best system of leverage—greatest manifolding power—light, steady carriage—great durability—warranted for two years.

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Out of Town.

CHATHAM.

Society was out in full force to attend the Mendelssohn Quintette Club concert given in Northwood's Hall on Thursday evening, and it is needless to say of course that this popular organization achieved its usual success.

Our boat club committee had a meeting a few days ago to make arrangements for the coming season.

Mr. E. R. Checkley, of the Merchants' Bank staff, has received promotion and been removed to the Toronto branch of the bank. He will be greatly missed both in and out of the bank, being an earnest, active young man, highly esteemed by those who know him. His brother officers made him a handsome presentation on the eve of his departure.

Mrs. Whitelaw of Paris is in town visiting Mrs. John Morton. FEDORA.

LONDON.

It is safe to say that one of the most enjoyable parties of the season was that given by the Cinderella Club at the Liberal Conservative rooms on Thursday evening, May 3rd. The hostesses on this occasion were Mrs. Brown, Mrs. T. H. Carling, Mrs. C. Hyman, Mrs. T. Macbeth, Mrs. W. R. Meredith, Mrs. T. Meredith, Mrs. H. A. Nicholson, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Smylie and Mrs. J. Walker. Too much praise cannot be given to these ladies for the excellent manner in which all the arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of their guests was carried out. The dancing room was very tastefully decorated, a portion of it being specially furnished and set apart for the reception of the guests. The pink shaded lights shed a *couleur de rose* over the whole scene that lent an additional charm (if possible) to the handsome and tasteful toilets of the ladies. The music was excellent—in fact irresistible—and the floor being in good condition everyone appeared to be thoroughly enjoying the dances. Added to all this the supper was good and left nothing more to be desired. Among the guests I noticed Miss Ramsay Miss Chapman and Mr. Hugh C. Baker of Hamilton, Miss Scatcherd of Strathroy, Miss Strong of Galt, Miss Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Miss Tremaine of Buffalo and Mr. Dick Bull of Guelph.

Miss Ramsay of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. W. R. Meredith.

Miss Chapman is visiting Mrs. Labatt, Gray street.

Miss Kirkpatrick of Kingston is the guest of Mrs. Geo. B. Harris.

Miss Strong of Galt is visiting Mrs. A. G. McWhinney.

Mr. W. J. D. Fraser of the Merchants' Bank, better known among the young men as "Scotty," left for England last Saturday. Between twenty and thirty young gentlemen saw him off at the station, and gave him three hearty cheers and a "tiger" as the train went off.

JAMES THE PENMAN.

FERGUS.

Lawn tennis promises to be as popular an outdoor game this season as it was last year. The club grounds are in very good order, and when the weather is finer I have no doubt this healthful pastime will be in great demand. The club reorganized about three weeks ago and elected a new staff of officers.

Miss Annie Gordon of North Mutual street, Toronto, is visiting Rev. and Mrs. Smellie.

The senior and junior Thistle lacrosse teams will cross sticks with the Lornes of Mount Forest and Floras of Elora on the 24th of May, both games to be played here.

The medical profession have received another addition to their number here, Dr. McCullogh of Georgetown. The doctor is a clever and genial young man and will in time make his mark in his profession.

Mr. George Rose of Toronto spent last Sunday with friends here.

Dr. Groves is steadily improving in health. CAMEO.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

Schwenker, Mrs. C. H., on the 30th ult., at Toronto—a son.
Davison, Mrs. John, on the 6th inst., at Toronto—a daughter.
Hull, Mrs. R., on the 1st inst., at Toronto—a daughter.
Sparling, Mrs. J. H., on the 1st inst., at Toronto—a daughter.

Marriages.

Lonnitz—Swift—On the 9th inst., by the Rev. Wm. Brookman, Edward J. Lonnitz to Florence E., only daughter of James Swift, formerly of the 13th Hussars.
Balmer—Gardiner—At Toronto, on the 9th inst., Geo. F. Balmer to Susie J., only daughter of William Gardiner.
Kirkpatrick—McVity—At St. Simon's Church, by the Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, B. A., on the 9th inst., R. C. Kirkpatrick to Edith Beatrice, second daughter of G. H. McVity of Port Hope.
Mills—Dunn—On the 2nd inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. B. D. Thomas, D D., Montraville W. Mills, jr., to Florence, daughter of G. W. Dunn. No cards.
Hungerford—Follinsbee—At St. John's Church, Strathroy, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. L. Desbrisay, rector of the parish, Arthur R. Hungerford to Harriet, third daughter of the late John Follinsbee, of Canboro.
Sherwood—Barnhart—At Christ Church, Robcaygeon, on the 2nd inst., by Rev. Wm. Farncomb, incumbent, A. Ernest Sherwood, of the firm of Sherwood Bros., Peterboro', to Maggie S. A., only daughter of Norman Barnhart, of Robcaygeon.
Sutherland—Boddy—At St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, on the 2nd inst., by the Rev. A. T. Love, B.A., William Sutherland, Millbrook, Victoria County, N. S., to Marianne, second daughter of Thomas Boddy, Owen Sound, Ontario.

Deaths.

Romilly, Lewellyn, on the 7th inst., at Toronto, aged 40.
Hill, Mrs. Wm., on the 9th inst., at Toronto, aged 66.
Power, John, on the 9th inst., at Toronto, aged 60.
Sisson, Catherine, on the 8th inst., at Toronto.
Reeves, William, on the 8th inst., at Toronto, aged 39.
Cochran May, on the 9th inst., at Toronto.
McPhatter, Maud Mary, on the 8th inst., at Guelph, the wife of N. L. McPhatter, M.D., aged 24 years and 4 months.
Tounley, Mary May, on 9th inst., at Toronto, aged 7 months and 5 days.
Kerr, John W., on the 8th inst., at Barton, aged 75.
Armstrong, Adam, on the 8th inst., at Malton, aged 57.
Fisher, Mrs. J. H., on the 7th inst., at Burlington, aged 62.
Lumsden, James, on the 7th inst., at Toronto, aged 61.
Hall, John, on the 7th inst., at Minico, aged 36.
Brown, Margaret Gowans, on the 7th inst., at Toronto.
Brodie, Mrs. James, at Toronto, aged 57.
Barrett, Mrs., on the 3rd inst., at Chicago.
Scallioc, Michael, on the 4th inst., at Toronto, aged 66.
Bowman, Robert, on the 28th ult., at Kingston, aged 68.
Griffith, G. H., killed whilst coupling cars at Teeswater.
Hart, Caroline Jane, on the 3rd inst., at Montreal, aged 23
Kay, Mrs. Fred's on the 4th inst., at Toronto, aged 34.
Kidd, E. J., on the 2nd inst., at Toronto, aged 25.
Winterson, Louisa, on the 2nd inst., at Toronto, aged 65.

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Return tickets will be sold at

SINGLE FARE

ON

Thursday, 24th May, 1888

Good to return until May 25th, and at

FARE AND ONE-THIRD

May 23rd and 24th, good to return until May 25th, '88.

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O. B. SHEPPARD, MANAGER.

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Dr. Louis Maas, of Boston

the eminent pianist, will perform.

Mrs. Caldwell

will sing Mozart's Grand Aria from the Magic Flute and Herold's Air d'Isabelle with Violin Obligato.

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